

Upper 3

TERMS : \$2.00 per Year, in Advance.

20 cts. per Single Copy.



Vol. III.

FEBRUARY, 1865.

No. 6.



# SOUTHERN BIMONTHLY



THE EX-CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' ORGAN,

— PUBLISHED AT LOUISVILLE, KY. —



PRINTED BY THE COURIER-JOURNAL JOB PRINTING CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.



Entered at the Post-office Louisville, Ky., as second-class matter.

## NEW EDITION OF VOLUMES I. AND II.

Having orders for back numbers and volumes that we can not fill, because the original edition has been exhausted, we propose to reprint the first and second volumes of BIVOUC, if sufficient orders for them are received.

### ST. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

The following are some of the good things already secured for future numbers of ST. NICHOLAS:

- "HIS ONE FAULT," a serial story for boys, by the popular author, J. T. TROWBRIDGE.
- "PERSONALLY CONDUCTED," illustrated papers on famous places in Europe, by FRANK R. STOCKTON.
- "HISTORIC GIRLS," a companion series to "Historic Boys," by E. S. BROOKS.
- "READY FOR BUSINESS," suggestions to boys about to choose an occupation, by G. J. MANSON.
- "A GARDEN OF GIRLS," being six short stories for girls, by SIX LEADING WRITERS.
- "TALES OF TWO CONTINENTS," stories of adventure, by H. H. BOYSEN.
- "CARTOONS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS," funny pictures, by ST. NICHOLAS' ARTISTS.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS will be the work of the very best artists and engravers, and there will be plenty of them.

The subscription price is \$3.00 a year, and now is just the time to subscribe. Single numbers cost 25 cents. *Buy the great Christmas number.*

A free specimen copy of ST. NICHOLAS will be sent on request. Mention this paper.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK, N. Y.

### THE CENTURY FOR 1885.

**A GREAT ENTERPRISE.**—The important feature of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for the coming year—indeed, perhaps the most important ever undertaken by the magazine—will be a series of separate **PAPERS ON THE CIVIL WAR**, written by general officers high in command either upon the Federal or the Confederate side. The battle of Shiloh and the siege of Vicksburg will be among those described by General U. S. Grant; General Beauregard writes of the First Bull Run; Generals McClellan, Rosecrans, Longstreet, Hill, Fitz John Porter, Pleasonton, Gordon, Admiral Porter, and many others have engaged to contribute.

## LIVERPOOL and LONDON and GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY,

Office, Cor. Carondelet & Gravier Sts. - - NEW ORLEANS.

#### DIRECTORS IN NEW ORLEANS.

J. F. SCHRODER, CHAIRMAN.  
A. DELVAILLE.

RODOLPHE WOESTE.

NEWTON BECKNER.

Assets in the United States ..... \$5,514,762 81  
Surplus over all liabilities ..... 2,546,385 12

HENRY V. OGDEN, Resident Secretary.

JULES P. ROUX, Ass't Resident Secretary.

CLARENCE F. LOW, Dep. Ass't Res. Sec'y.

## COURIER-JOURNAL JOB PRINTING COMPANY,

L. T. DAVIDSON, Pres.

AUGUST STRAUS, Vice Pres.

J. A. HALDEMAN, Secy. and Treas.

## BOOK AND JOB PRINTING

Binding, Blank Book Manufacturing, Engraving, Electrotyping,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

All Kinds of Printing Done Neatly and Quickly at Reasonable Prices





# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

VOL. III.

FEBRUARY, 1885.

NO. 6.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

## HOOD'S TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.

### CHAPTER IV.



GENERAL BEAUREGARD assumed command of the Military Division of the West on the 17th of October, and established his headquarters, temporarily, at Jacksonville, Alabama. On the 19th, he set out to join the Army of Tennessee, on its march down the Chatooga valley, and expected to find it at Blue Pond, in accordance with the plan of operations agreed on at Cave Spring on the 9th. At Blue Pond, he met General Wheeler, who informed him that General Hood had marched beyond that point in a south-westwardly direction to Gadsden. Beauregard, as soon as he learned the exact locality of the army, at once changed his course, and joined it on the forenoon of the 21st.

Hood had determined, unless prevented by superior authority, to march his army beyond the Tennessee river, and continue his efforts to destroy the railroad communications in Tennessee between Chattanooga and Nashville, and, after having accomplished this result, to continue his march beyond the Cumberland river, and occupy a line in Kentucky, with his left at Richmond and his right at Hazel Green, and threaten Cincinnati. He firmly believed that this movement would force Sherman to evacuate Atlanta, and abandon his lines and fortified posts in Georgia and Middle Tennessee. So thoroughly was he impressed with this idea, that he pictured to himself the achievement of this plan of operations; a successful campaign brilliantly executed in Tennessee, and his occupancy of Kentucky, in command of a victorious army, with his line established at Richmond and extended to Hazel Green, with the gaps in the Cumberland mountains in his rear. In his mind's eye, he marched his army from this imaginary line, through the gaps in the Cumberland mountains, to Petersburg, Vir-

VOL. III., No. 6—16.

ginia, in the rear of Grant, and to the relief of the army under General Lee.\* This singular conceit mastered all of his faculties, and, fascinated with this picture of great results achieved, which was not within the range of human possibilities, in the glow of his raptured vision on this great field of military operations, embracing, as it did, whole States, he maneuvered and marched his army on these visionary lines many hundreds of miles, in midwinter, across broad and rapid rivers, and through a country much of it sterile, and over rugged mountains, inhabited by a brave, hardy, and hostile population, intensely loyal to the Federal Government.

It is strange, indeed, that such a plan of military operations, under the circumstances, and in the presence of his surroundings, should have possessed his mind; and yet more strange is the fact, in the light of subsequent developments, that he should, in the sobriety of reason, in after years, record it as a part of the history of this campaign. On his right, at Gaylesville, was Sherman, with a grand army superior in numbers, equipments, and transportation, and with great resources at his command; north of him was the Tennessee river, patrolled with gunboats, except a short stretch of river, between Colbert Shoals and Muscle Shoals, carrying improved armaments and commanded by educated naval officers; and, beyond the Tennessee river, General Thomas, a resolute and accomplished soldier, was rapidly organizing a powerful army, receiving re-enforcements and drawing supplies from the States in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, and would, as he shortly afterward did, confront him with a superior army, complete in all of its appointments, and battle with him for the occupancy of the territory south of the Cumberland river. Add to all this the physical fact, that Hood was without material resources. His transportation was inadequate to the wants of his army; his motive power, with its carrying capacity over the railroads in rear of him, was so limited and defective that he could not collect and carry stores and supplies to any given point, when the movements of his army rendered a change of base necessary, to enable him, with precision of time and distance, to make a march of ten consecutive days through the country north of him; and, in short, he was without the physical ability to provide the necessary supplies to make a rapid march into Tennessee before the enemy could concentrate an army in front of him.

On the night of the day General Beauregard arrived at Hood's headquarters at Gadsden, the plan of a movement of the army north of the Tennessee river was discussed and considered by these two

\*"Advance and Retreat," page 267.

generals. Hood explained and elaborated his plan of campaign, and, with an earnest effort, endeavored to remove, or satisfy, any objection to the plan, or its details, that Beauregard made. Maps were examined, and the difficulties of the proposed march considered. The condition of the railroads in North Mississippi and Alabama was discussed, and the great difficulty of accumulating supplies at Tusculumbia, which would be the new base. To all objections Hood replied that he could march into Tennessee, subsist his army on the country, and capture supplies from the enemy, and, in the meantime, the railroads could be repaired to Corinth, and thence to Tusculumbia, and supplies could be warehoused there. A full, free, and frank discussion between these generals, and a comprehensive consideration of its details resulted in the acquiescence of Beauregard.

The plan adopted was that, on the 22d, the Army of Tennessee should march to the Tennessee river and cross it at Gunter's Ferry, and move rapidly into Tennessee and commence the destruction of the railroad from Stevenson to Nashville. On the 23d, General Beauregard directed General Hood to have prepared for the signature of General Cheatham an address to the citizens of Tennessee, calling on them to unite with the veteran troops under Cheatham and Forrest, and "redeem themselves from the yoke of a vile oppressor," etc., and that it be printed at Huntsville.\* General Beauregard instructed General Taylor to order Forrest and Roddy, with their cavalry commands, to report to General Hood between Guntersville and Decatur.

While the plans of Hood's campaign beyond the Tennessee river were being discussed and considered at Gadsden, Sherman's army was a short distance to the north-east in an adjoining county, encamped at Alpine, Melville, and Gaylesville, subsisting on the farmers in the Chatooga valley. General Schofield joined him on this line, with Wagoner's and Morgan's divisions, having marched by Rossville and Gordon's Mill. General J. H. Wilson, having been ordered from Virginia by General Grant, reported to General Sherman for the purpose of organizing a cavalry corps of three divisions. General Slocum was at Atlanta gathering great quantities of supplies from the farms in the surrounding country. The railroad was being rapidly repaired, and in a few days would be in condition to answer the requirements of the army and military posts maintained on it, in the perfection of the final arrangements that preceded Sherman's march to Savannah.

Sherman was constantly engaged in giving directions to General Thomas for the protection of Tennessee; corresponding with Generals

\*General Beauregard, Vol. II, page 297, and Appendix, page 602.



Grant and Halleck, and Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War. He held his army in observation on the Coosa, while Hood developed his future movements. Thomas was instructed that in the event Hood should attempt to go into Tennessee west of Huntsville, to let him go, then turn on him and destroy him before he could escape.\* General Sherman, however, was of the opinion that Hood would not dare turn up Will's valley, with him in his rear and the Tennessee river in his front, and in this view of the immediate movement of the Army of the Tennessee, he believed Hood would go to Blue mountain, the terminus of the Selma and Talledega road, where he and Beauregard would concoct new mischief.†

Sherman's cipher telegrams from his field headquarters at Summer-ville and Gaylesville show that he considered himself master of the situation, and he so declared himself in his dispatch to General Grant of October 22d. He knew, and so expressed himself, of the difficulties that embarrassed Hood. The Tennessee valley had been exhausted and its fields devastated in 1862 and 1863, and it barely yielded a miserable subsistence to its resident population, and he knew that Hood could not draw supplies from it. He also knew that the Memphis & Charleston railroad, between Corinth and Decatur, was a ruin, utterly worthless, and wholly unreliable for the transportation of army stores to Tusculumbia. The topographical features of this country were familiar to his mind, and with perfect readiness he could and did indicate the natural difficulties to be encountered by Hood in his northward march.

Bold, self-reliant, and aggressive, he contemplated with composure the situation of Hood's army, and, with the sagacity of a soldier, estimated the chances of success of any movement that Hood might make. With an unerring eye, he measured distances, and gave due weight to physical difficulties in making his estimates and in computing the probabilities of success of military movements; and he indicated with general accuracy Hood's objective points, and from his abundant resources provided means of resistance and protection. With his army complete in all of its appointments, and thoroughly mobilized, and his soldiers inspired with admiration for his intrepidity and abilities, and trusting in him with undoubting convictions, he held the field with the firm resolution, however imposing the demonstrations on his flanks and line of communications, not to relinquish his hold on any territory acquired by his invading army. If Hood maintained his base

\*Cipher telegram to General Thomas, dated, In the Field. Ships, Georgia, October 17, 1864.

†Cipher telegram to General Grant October 22, 1864.



at Blue mountain, he instructed Thomas, when he had collected and organized his army in Tennessee, to move on Selma; or, if he moved into Tennessee, then Thomas was directed to concentrate his troops, retaining a few points fortified and well stocked with provisions, and meet him.

Sherman did not intend to be put on the defensive, but was resolved to assume and continue the offensive. He had no idea of allowing himself to be maneuvered out of Georgia into Tennessee. He was resolute in his determination to march his army of sixty thousand soldiers through Georgia to the Atlantic, or, as he expressed it in a cipher telegram to General Wilson of October 17, 1864: "I am going into the bowels of the Confederacy, and propose to leave a trail that will be recognized fifty years hence." And to General Halleck he wrote of his proposed march: "This movement is not purely military or strategic, but it will illustrate the vulnerability of the South."

In the armies under Sherman, the terms of enlistment of many regiments were expiring, and the efforts of Secretary Stanton were directed to forwarding fresh levies to the front for distribution in his veteran divisions. This question of recruiting the army with negro troops was the occasion of a vigorous letter from General Sherman to Secretary Stanton.\*

General Joseph Wheeler, with his cavalry, was active in the enemy's front, and, by his vigilance and enterprise, kept Sherman in ignorance of the exact position of Hood's Army. Wheeler pushed his outposts

---

\* "HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,  
IN THE FIELD, GAYLESVILLE, ALA., October 25, 1864.

"SIR: I do not wish to be considered as in anyway adverse to the organization of negro regiments, further than as to its effects on the white race. I do wish the fine race of men that people our Northern States should rule and determine the future destiny of America; but if they prefer trade and gain, and leave to bought substitutes and negroes the fighting (the actual conflict), of course, the question is settled, for those who hold the swords and muskets at the end of this war (which is but fairly begun) will have something to say. If negroes are to fight, they, too, will not be content with sliding back into the status of slave or free negro. I much prefer to keep the negroes yet, for some time to come, in a subordinate state; for our prejudices, yours as well as mine, are not yet schooled for absolute equality.

"Jeff. Davis has succeeded perfectly in inspiring his people with the truth that liberty and government are worth fighting for; that pay and pensions are silly nothings compared to the prize fought for. Now, I would aim to inspire our own people with the same ideas; that it is not right to pay one thousand (\$1,000) dollars to some fellow who will run away, to do his fighting, or to some

above and beyond Sherman, and occupied Bird and Dug gaps, and, with his pickets and scouts, from thence southwardly in front of the enemy, to and beyond his most distant outposts on the Coosa, and absolutely concealed Hood's movements. He also made it impossible for Sherman to obtain information, either through spies, deserters, or inhabitants, from within Hood's lines. Wheeler's abilities as a general in command of a cavalry corps had been so constantly demonstrated in the campaigns of 1864, that General Sherman applied to General Grant to send him General J. H. Wilson to organize, equip, and command a corp of cavalry to be operated against him. And it is true of the operations of this campaign, that the only instance in which Sherman's judgment was at fault, and his headquarters without information of current events within his adversary's lines, was when Hood broke camp at Gadsden and marched his army on the roads leading to Gunter's Ferry. Hood had marched his army three days from Gadsden, and the vanguard of his army was deploying into line in front of Decatur, before Sherman was apprized of his movement, and then the information was received from General Thomas, at Nashville. No higher tribute than this can be paid the soldierly qualities of Wheeler and his cavalry divisions.

When Beauregard and Hood, in council at Gadsden, determined the

poor negro, who is thinking of the day of jubilee; but that every young and middle-aged man should be proud of the chance to fight for the stability of his country, without profit and without price; and I would like to see all trade and manufactures *absolutely* cease until this fight is over; and I have no hesitation or concealment in saying that there is not and should not be the remotest chance of peace again on this continent till all this is realized, save the peace which would result from the base and cowardly submittal to Jeff. Davis' terms. I would use negroes as surplus, but not spare a single white man, not one. Any white man who don't and won't fight now should be killed, banished, or denationalized, and then we would discriminate among the noisy patriots and see who really should vote.

"If the negroes fight, and the whites don't, of course the negroes will govern. They won't ask you or me for the privilege, but will simply take it, and probably reverse the relation hitherto existing, and they would do right.

"If, however, the Government is determined to push the policy to the end, it is both my duty and my pleasure to assist, and, in that event, I would like to have Colonel Bowman, now commanding the district of Wilmington, Delaware, to organize and equip such as may fall into the custody of the army I command.

"I am, with respect, your obedient servant.

"W. T. SHERMAN,

"HON. E. M. STANTON,

"Major-General Commanding."

"Secretary of War, Washington, D. C."

general plan of the campaign, and resolved on a rapid march to Gunter's Ferry, and thence to Stevenson and Bridgeport, General Taylor, as before stated, was instructed to order Forrest and Roddy to report to General Hood between Decatur and Gunter's, and it was also determined that Wheeler, with his cavalry, with the exception of Jackson's division, which was to go with the infantry, should remain and observe Sherman, and follow him whenever he moved, to harass and obstruct his march.

Taylor evidently misconceived Beauregard's order, for he directed Forrest to move into Tennessee and make a diversion on the upper Tennessee river. General Forrest at once marched into Tennessee, west of the Tennessee river, and, with Buford's division, occupied Lexington, Chalmer's division being at McLemoresville, and himself, with Rucker's command, at Paris; and General Roddy was moved from Courtland, Alabama, to Corinth, to guard that point, and prevent the enemy, at Clifton, from crossing above, and move on the Memphis and Charleston road, looking to a junction with the forces at Memphis.\* Buford was recalled from Lexington to Huntingdon, and thence marched to the mouth of the Big Sandy, with instructions to select some point on the Tennessee above the Big Sandy, and blockade the river; and Chalmers was withdrawn from McLemoresville to Paris, in supporting distance of Buford. Buford made a reconnoissance of the river and selected Fort Heiman, and put within its works two twenty-pounder Parrots, and a section of Brown's artillery below the fort, with Crossland's brigade in support, and about five miles lower down the river, at Paris Landing, he placed Morton's artillery, supported by Bell's brigade. These batteries were located so as to command the river for three miles, and, of course, were masked. On the morning of the 29th, the transport Mazeppa passed between the batteries, when the artillery opened, and speedily disabled her. She was abandoned by her crew and captured. She was heavily freighted with a large assortment of army stores. Three gunboats came to her assistance, and, from a distance, shelled the landing at which the steamer was fastened. Her cargo was discharged, and the steamer then burned. The supplies were safely landed, and, in part, appropriated to the wants of the troopers. On the following day, the steamer Anna succeeded in running by the batteries, although she was severely damaged. The gunboat Undine, convoying the transport Venus, was permitted to pass into the stretch of river between the batteries,

\*Letter of General Forrest to General Taylor, October 24th, 1864. Campaigns of Forrest's Cavalry, page 591.

when the artillery opened on her. The Undine engaged the batteries with spirit, but was compelled to take refuge in the bend of the river, out of range of the artillery and Bell's sharpshooters. A steam transport, coming down the river, was disabled and captured by the artillery at Paris Landing. Chalmers, with Rucker's brigade and a battery of artillery, reached Paris Landing on the 30th. Rucker made a personal reconnoissance of the bend of the river, and determined that it was feasible to attack and capture the gunboat Undine and the transport Venus. The dismounted cavalymen were put in position, and, with their fire, commanded the port-holes of the Undine, under cover of which a section of artillery was gotten into position and opened on the gunboat. The Venus was captured by Colonel Kelly, and the gunboat, with her port-holes closed, made for the opposite shore, and was abandoned. Colonel Kelly, with two companies of his regiment, boarded the Venus and brought the Undine to Paris Landing.

Another gunboat, coming down the river, anchored out of range and shelled a section of Rice's battery. The Alabama Cadets, as sharpshooters, were advanced, and soon commanded the ports of this gunboat, and, assisted by a section of artillery, compelled her to weigh anchor and move up the river. The Undine and Venus, although damaged, were not materially injured, and mechanics were detailed and put to work, and both boats were readily made serviceable. The Cheeseman, upon inspection, proved to be seriously damaged, and she was burned. The stores captured on the Mazeppa were transferred to the Venus. Captain Gracey, of Company "E," Third Kentucky Cavalry, with a complement of officers and men, was ordered to command the gunboat, and Colonel Dawson, with the two twenty-pounder Parrots, was ordered, with a sufficient crew, to command the transport Venus. In the meantime, General Forrest had arrived, and a trial trip of the gunboat and transport was made to Fort Heiman and return. Both boats were ordered to move slowly up the river for Johnsonville, while the cavalry marched on the country roads for the same point. The Undine and Venus reached a bend in the river in advance of the cavalry, above Davidson's Ferry, and unexpectedly encountered three gunboats. These gunboats at once delivered a well-directed fire, and immediately disabled the Venus, and she was run ashore, abandoned, and her cargo and armament of Parrots captured. The Undine, being unable to contend against the three gunboats, under a heavy fire, dropped down the river to Davidson's Ferry, and escaped capture under cover of the artillery of Chalmers.

division, which had been ordered to her relief. On the following day, the gunboats renewed the attack on the Undine, and Captain Gracey, being unable to cope with the gunboats, ran her ashore and burned her.

Forrest had ordered Mabry's brigade, with Thrall's artillery, to march from Paris to the Tennessee river and quietly take position on the river bank, opposite Johnsonville, and, with Buford's and Chalmer's divisions, he moved rapidly to that point. At this time, General Lyon, an able officer, with a military education, on his return from a raid in Kentucky, joined Forrest. General Forrest availed himself of Lyon's superior abilities, and directed him to make a reconnaissance of the river bank, with a view of selecting the best positions for the artillery.

The object in view was the destruction of the gunboats and transports, and the immense warehouses filled with stores and supplies. Thrall was put in position opposite the Southern landing at Johnsonville, and Morton and Briggs at two different points north of Thrall. The cavalry were dismounted and distributed on the bank of the river, to support the artillery. These arrangements were perfected without having attracted the attention of the enemy. Gunboats, transports, and barges were in the river in front of Johnsonville, wholly unconscious of the impending storm about to burst on them. On the 4th of November, at 2 o'clock, the artillery in battery simultaneously opened on the gunboats and transports, and for one hour poured a storm of shot and shell into the boats. The gunboats were destroyed and the transports were set on fire, and, floating down the river with the current, carried consternation and destruction to all water craft, of whatever character, in the river. The wind blew the flames and sparks from the burning transports to the shore, and communicated with bales of hay and barrels of whisky on the levee, and thence to the great government warehouses. All government property was destroyed in this general conflagration. The artillery, after the first hour, directed its fire into Johnsonville, and continued the cannonade until dark.

Colonel Thompson commanded the garrison consisting of the Forty-third Wisconsin, Twelfth United States colored troops, and a detachment of the Eleventh Tennessee Cavalry, and the naval forces were under the command of Lieutenant E. M. King. General Thomas admits the loss of three gunboats, eight transports, and about a dozen barges, and all army stores accumulated at Johnsonville, and says that the loss, as far as then estimated, was one and a half-million

dollars.\* The Confederate account places the loss as follows: Three gunboats, eleven transports, eighteen barges, all army stores and supplies, and government warehouses, estimated at eight millions of money.†

On the 5th of November, Forrest received an order from General Beauregard to join Hood between Florence and Columbia. Constant and heavy rains had set in, and the country roads were rough, heavy, and difficult to march over. Forrest moved his command up the river to Perryville, and attempted to cross the Tennessee. The river was rising rapidly, and, with great difficulty, Rucker succeeded in crossing his brigade, and Forrest, with the balance of his command, marched by the way of Iuka, and joined Hood at Tuscumbia.

On the 22d of October, Hood's army, with twenty days' rations, marched from Gadsden for Guntersville, intending to cross the Tennessee river at that point, or its immediate neighborhood. When one day's march from Gadsden, he changed his route, and marched, in a westwardly direction, over Sand mountain and the head waters of the Black Warrior river, by Somerville, to Decatur. General Hood says that, when he bivouacked at Bennettsville, he received information that Forrest was at Jackson, Tennessee, and could not move into Middle Tennessee, as the river was too high, and because of this information, he changed his line of march and abandoned the plan of campaign agreed on two days before, and deflected his marching columns westward for Florence.

There is a grave mistake in this statement. The weather had been and was then fair and beautiful, and the rain did not set in until the first days of November, and the Tennessee river did not rise until about the 4th of November. And, besides this, Forrest was ordered, through General Taylor, on the 22d, to join General Hood between Decatur and Guntersville, and it was not possible to hear from him the next day, when communications were through a line of couriers to the nearest telegraph station.

Beauregard remained at Gadsden until the 24th, and then started to overtake Hood, as he supposed, at Guntersville, and when he traveled two-thirds of the distance he learned that Hood had turned to the left, and marched to Decatur. Hood failed to inform Beauregard of his material alteration of the plan agreed upon. When Beauregard reached Hood's headquarters at Decatur, Hood, in explanation of this change in the plan of the campaign, said that when about half way to

\*Thomas' Official Report.

†Campaigns of Forrest's Cavalry, page 607.

Guntersville he learned that the crossing at that point was strongly guarded, and that there was no crossing point nearer than Decatur.\* This alteration in the line of march destroyed one of the chief features of the campaign. A rapid march to the Tennessee river, to cross it at Gunters, to move on Stevenson, and commence the destruction of the railway lines before Thomas could concentrate, or be re-enforced, was what he intended. The march to Decatur, if Hood could have crossed the river there, would have added fully one hundred miles to his line of march, as originally planned, and, consequently, enabled Thomas to concentrate, and Sherman to re-enforce him. Whether an adherence to the line of march, as agreed on at Gadsden, would have changed the fortunes of Hood's army, is, as a matter of course, mere conjecture.

On the 26th, Hood appeared in force on the south of Decatur, and as his corps arrived he placed them in position, and made heavy demonstrations. Decatur was well fortified, and at the time Hood made his appearance before it, the garrison consisted of the Eighteenth Michigan, commanded by Colonel Doolittle; and late in the day General R. S. Granger arrived with re-enforcements. †A reconnoissance disclosed strong works, with a sufficient garrison to make a stubborn defense. The skirmish lines were well advanced, and the temper of the garrison frequently tested, without bringing on an engagement. Hood soon concluded that he could not cross the Tennessee at Decatur, and resolved to attempt a crossing lower down at Courtland. The engineers were sent to Courtland, and reported that a crossing could be effected, but not without difficulty. General Hood informed Beauregard that many of his soldiers were without shoes, and that he had not enough provisions to go into Middle Tennessee with, and that he would go to Tuscumbia, supply his army, and cross the river in that neighborhood.‡

Tuscumbia is ninety miles west of Guntersville, and to march the army and cross the river at that point, and then march to Stevenson, would add one hundred and eighty miles to the original line of march, and give Thomas ample time to concentrate and receive re-enforcements from Sherman.

Lee's corps had been moved to Leighton on the 27th, while Cheat-ham and Stewart remained in front of Decatur. On the night of the 29th, General S. D. Lee received orders to march his corps to Florence

\*General Beauregard, by Roman, Vol. II., page 293.

†The March to the Sea, Franklin and Nashville, by General J. D. Cox, page 14.

‡General Beauregard, by Roman, Vol. II., page 293.



and cross the Tennessee river; and on the following day he arrived at South Florence, and Gibson's brigade, of Clayton's division, crossed the river at the railroad bridge; and two brigades of Johnson's division crossed the river about two and one half miles above South Florence. The Tennessee river, at the points crossed by these troops, is about one thousand yards wide. On the night of the 30th and the morning of the 31st, the remainder of Clayton's and Johnson's divisions crossed the river; and Stevenson's division crossed on the 2d of November. When the brigades of Clayton's and Johnson's divisions crossed the river on the 30th of October, General Croxton, with about one thousand cavalry, resisted the crossing of these troops. Under cover of a heavy artillery fire, the crossing was accomplished. Sharpe's brigade, of Johnson's division, on reaching the north bank of the river, late in the afternoon, was moved on the Florence and Huntsville road, encountered the enemy under Croxton, and drove him back to Shoal creek\*, inflicting a small loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Cheatham and Stewart withdrew their corps in front of Decatur, and marched west through the ruined and devastated valley of the Tennessee to Tusculumbia.

D. W. SANDERS,

*Major and A. A. G. French's Division, Stewart's Corps.*

[For the BIVOUCAC.]

#### FROM INFANTRY TO CAVALRY.

##### NUMBER III.



STOCKBRIDGE, Georgia, was the scene of our next exploits as mounted infantry, and we had about become settled down to camp life when the writer was handed a map of the country by his superior officers, and sent forward toward Atlanta some eight miles, with the left wing of the Fourth Kentucky, to do picket duty. After some trouble finding the by-roads and residences laid down on the map, I selected headquarters at the forks of the road, one of which led directly to Atlanta and the other eastwardly, and threw the videttes over toward the main road leading from Atlanta. In front of and about one mile from headquarters lived Mr. Carruthers, and about the same distance further on lived Mr. Stubbs. A couple of videttes were placed a few hundred yards beyond the latter place, and, spreading southward the remainder of the left wing in like manner, watched the country for

\*General S. D. Lee's report.

about five or six miles. We were kept out in this position for a week, during which time we went in for all the sport convenient. The Second Kentucky was stationed immediately on our left and a part of the Fifth Kentucky on our right. The greatest attraction was in front of my headquarters, where dwelt a most beautiful and accomplished young lady, Miss Nannie Stubbs. Her father was very old, but sociable, dignified, and hospitable. The officers of the other two regiments visited there frequently, and made it very convenient, when inspecting their lines, to gallop over in my territory, as if they had business there. But, being in a direct route to the advanced post on my line, I had a right to examine the outstanding videttes a dozen times a day, if necessary. My favorite time was about ten o'clock in the morning, and if she was in good voice, she would sing the sweet songs of the day and chat so entertainingly, that, somehow, dinner would be announced before I was aware of the flight of time. It was amusing to see Captain J. T. G., of the Fifth, or Captain W. T. B. S., of the same regiment, framing excuses for their encroachment at such times. They only dropped in to borrow such-and-such a book, and really did not think they had time to dine; but, as they were there, they would gracefully accept, which would greatly trouble me, for fear the "rations" might fall short.

Captain Jack Brown, with ten or twelve men, was scouting our front, reporting every two or three days, and, from all accounts, it seemed that we would not be molested for some time. But, like all bright places in a soldier's life, our pleasures were only too brief. I was sitting in the parlor of Mr. Stubbs one day, talking with Miss Nannie and her father about the probability of Sherman coming further South. He was very uneasy, for the report had spread among the people that Sherman intended to march on the defenseless women and children of Georgia, and burn every building in his way. I remember how earnestly I strove to disabuse his mind. "For," said I, "Sherman has no use for this country now. There is no army in his front to conquer, and no forage for his stock, nor provisions for his men, and, coming fresh, as we do, from the trenches, where every usage of civilized war was recognized, I believe you are doing him an injustice, Mr. Stubbs. With his reputation, he can not afford to turn his fine body of men loose on unarmed women and children and old men, for the purpose of arson and plunder." He sadly shook his head, and mechanically replied: "I hope so, sir, I hope so." The young lady was as hopeful as myself, and when, as a compromise, I told him that Captain Brown, or some of his scouts, would warn him

in plenty of time to get away safely should Sherman start South, she gladly assented, and together we somewhat comforted the old gentleman. While we were still talking, a woolly-headed, little darkey poked his head in at the door and shouted at me: "Mass Cap'ing, cey is a gem'man at de gate wants you." I immediately went out to the front door, and saw Frank Chapman, of Company "D," who called out lustily: "Cap., they are fighting at headquarters!" "Bring the videttes in with you, Frank, and I will go right in," said I; and then it was, "Good-bye, Mr. Stubbs; good-bye, Miss Nannie," and I was at the style and in my saddle. "Hope for the best," said I to him, and "Don't you get hurt, captain, but be sure to drive them back," said she, and I was fifty yards away by this time. As far as I could see I was turned in my saddle, gazing back at this brave, beautiful girl, who was courageously waving her handkerchief at me, while I shook my cap above me at arm's length. I have never seen nor heard of this family since, but I would count it a great pleasure to meet them again.

The firing in the direction of our little camp was very brisk, and it lent fleetness to the little horse I rode. Being unused to riding, and this being Bill Bradshaw's fiery bay, she seemed to fly toward the scene of conflict, and, arriving there, she kept on up the Atlanta road toward the Federal column. I succeeded in checking her about midway, and, running the gauntlet of bullets, took position with my command. The boys were holding out splendidly in the woods, and, having retained the long Enfields we had in infantry, they were hitting some one every now and again. Major Mynher was sent out with half of the Fifth to relieve the other half on our right, and arrived on the ground just in time for the fight. Colonel Thompson, of the Fourth, was sent out to assist us in our retreat (the news having reached Stockbridge by another route) with the remainder of our regiment, and was also in time for the fray. The second regiment had fallen back on Stockbridge by a different road to ours, and hence our picket base was left open to the advancing enemy. After fighting about an hour, we found that escape via Stockbridge was impossible, as our rear was filled with Yankees, so we made our way out through a country road, leaving Stockbridge to the right. We had a gallant ride through the night, only stopping about 10 o'clock to rest our stock, then on to McDonough, where we rejoined our command. The scouts and unrelieved videttes were several days arriving. How they ever found us has always been a mystery to me.

There was now no doubt in our minds that Sherman was making

for the sea, and we knew that nothing was to hinder him only our little skeleton brigade of mounted infantry.

I would give the readers of the BIVOUAC a report of our killed and wounded, if there had been any, in the action herein described. Blood was not drawn from man or beast, so far as I ever heard.

FRED JOYCE.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

# COLOR-BEARER OF THE FOURTH KENTUCKY INFANTRY.

How many heroes like him spoken of in the following are there yet unhonored in the South? The youthful Confederate burned, alike with love of glory and native land. To many, at the dying hour, consoling was the thought that their valiant deeds would be remembered; yet those who witnessed them suffer their bright names to be covered with the dust of oblivion:

PARIS, KY., December 8, 1864.

After the assault of Hardee's force on Sherman's advance, at Jonesboro, Georgia, August 31, 1864, the writer went back about sunset to look after some of the wounded, when I found many badly hurt, some dead already, and others dying. Among them, stretched at full length, with the pallor of death overspreading his handsome, manly face, his keen, dark blue eyes blazing like burning coals, lay Robert Lindsay, color-bearer of the Fourth Kentucky Infantry. He was delirious, with a ghastly shot through the right breast, but seemed, by some intuitive knowledge that approaching dissolution, perhaps, lends to her struggling victims, to look into the future. He said: "We are to be mounted, and Captain John has promised to get me a horse. If he forgets it, won't you attend to it." I would have promised him a continent. Poor Bob, before the rising of the morrow's sun his body was ready for the shallow grave which was to receive it, and there it rests to-day; it may be unmarked, but it covers the dust of as a brave a man, as gallant a soldier, as it was my fortune to know during that unhappy period.

H. H.



[For the BIVOUAC.]

## A CONFEDERATE DESERTER.



HERE is one feature of the sectional struggle which the future historian will not refrain from mentioning, to the honor of the American name. It is the fact that there is no instance on record of any soldier of prominence, on either side, betraying the cause he had espoused. There were no Benedict Arnolds in that war. The shame of defeat often moved the tongue of calumny, but treachery, though often charged, was never proved on any officer of distinction. Many desertions from the ranks of both armies, of course, occurred, but rarely was the motive any other than a desire to avoid the perils of battle or the pangs of hunger. Indeed, the heroism of the Confederate private soldier can not be duly estimated, unless we take account of the sufferings his absence in the army caused his own family. The conflict between a proud sense of public duty and a yearning to go to the relief of those held most dear must have driven many to the verge of despair. The more we think on it, the more we are amazed at the intensity of the popular ardor which drove men from their homes into the battle lines of Lee and Johnston.

The following story, related by General C. A. Battle, a few years ago, in a speech at Tuscumbia, Georgia, illustrates to what extremities the Confederate soldier was sometimes driven :

"During the winter of 1862-3, it was my fortune to be president of one of the courts martial of the Army of Northern Virginia. One bleak December morning, while the snow covered the ground and the winds howled around our camp, I left my bivouac fire to attend the sessions of the court. Winding for miles along uncertain paths, I at length arrived at the court ground, at Round Oak Church. Day after day it had been our duty to try the gallant soldiers of that army charged with violations of military laws, but never had I, on any previous occasion, been greeted by such anxious spectators as on that morning awaited the opening of the court. Case after case was disposed of, and at length the case of the 'Confederate States vs. Edward Cooper' was called—charge, desertion. A low murmur arose spontaneously from the battle-scarred spectators as a young artilleryman arose from the prisoner's bench, and, in response to the question, 'Guilty or not guilty?' answered, 'Not guilty.' The judge-advocate was proceeding to open the prosecution, when the court, observing

that the prisoner was unattended by counsel, interposed, and inquired of the accused, 'Who is your counsel?' He replied, 'I have no counsel.' Supposing that it was his purpose to represent himself before the court, the judge-advocate was instructed to proceed. Every charge and specification against the prisoner was sustained. The prisoner was then told to introduce his witnesses. He replied, 'I have no witnesses.' Astonished at the calmness with which he seemed to be submitting to what he regarded as inevitable fate, I said to him, 'Have you no defense? Is it possible that you abandoned your comrades and deserted your colors, in the presence of the enemy, without any reason?' He replied, 'There was a reason, but it will not avail me before a military court.' 'Perhaps you are mistaken. You are charged with the highest crime known to military law, and it is your duty to make known the causes that influenced your actions.' For the first time his manly form trembled, and his blue eyes swam in tears. Approaching the president of the court, he presented a letter, saying as he did so, 'There, colonel, is what did it.' I opened the letter, and in a moment my eyes filled with tears. It was passed from one to another of the court, until all had seen it, and those stern warriors, who had passed with Stonewall Jackson through a hundred battles, wept like little children. Soon as I sufficiently recovered my self-possession, I read the letter as the prisoner's defense. It was in these words:

"MY DEAR EDWARD: I have always been proud of you, and, since your connection with the Confederate Army, I have been prouder of you than ever before. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world; but, before God, Edward, unless you come home, we must die! Last night I was aroused by Little Eddie crying. I called and said, "What's the matter, Eddie?" and he said, "O, mamma, I am so hungry!" And Lucy, Edward, your darling Lucy, she never complains, but she is growing thinner and thinner every day. And before God, Edward, unless you come home, we must all die.

"YOUR MARY."

"Turning to the prisoner, I asked, 'What did you do when you received this letter?' 'I made application for a furlough, and it was rejected; again I made application, and it was rejected; a third time I made application, and it was rejected, and that night, as I wandered backward and forward in the camp, thinking of my home, with the mild eyes of Lucy looking up to me, and the burning words of Mary sinking in my brain, I was no longer the Confederate soldier, but I was the father of Lucy and the husband of Mary, and I would have passed those lines if every gun in the battery had fired upon me. I went to my home. Mary ran out to meet me; her angel arms em-

VOL. III., NO. 6—17.

braced me, and she whispered, "O, Edward, I am so happy! I am so glad you got your furlough!" She must have felt me shudder, for she turned pale as death, and, catching her breath at every word, she said: "Have you come home without your furlough? O, Edward, Edward, go back! go back! Let me and my children go down to the grave, but O, for Heaven's sake, save the honor of our name!" And here I am, gentlemen, not brought here by military power, but in obedience to the command of Mary, to abide the sentence of your court.'

"Every officer of that court-martial felt the force of the prisoner's words. Before them stood, in beatific vision, the eloquent pleader for a husband's and father's wrongs; but they had been trained by their great leader, Robert E. Lee, to tread the path of duty though the lightning's flash scorched the ground beneath their feet, and each in his turn pronounced the verdict: 'Guilty.' Fortunately for humanity, fortunately for the Confederacy, the proceedings of the court were reviewed by the commanding-general, and upon the record was written:

" 'HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

" 'The finding of the court is approved. The prisoner is pardoned, and will report to his company.  
R. E. LEE, *General.*'

"During a subsequent battle, when shot and shell were falling, 'like torrents from the mountain cloud,' my attention was directed to the fact that one of our batteries was being silenced by the concentrated fire of the enemy. When I reached the battery every gun but one had been dismantled, and by it stood a solitary Confederate soldier, with the blood streaming from his side. As he recognized me, he elevated his voice above the roar of battle, and said: 'General, I have one shell left. Tell me, have I saved the honor of Mary and Lucy?' I raised my hat. Once more a Confederate shell went crashing through the ranks of the enemy, and the hero sank by his gun to rise no more."





[For the BIVOUAC.]

## IT'LL NEBBER COM' NO MO'.

I'se been a-waitin' long for dat good ol' time  
Dat'll nebber com' no mo',  
W'en I used to rock an' work an' sing,  
In my little cabin do'.

My Sam was dar wid his fiddle;  
Po' Sam, he's gone, don' dead—  
Dead for de want ob clothes an' food  
An' a shelter oberhead.

An' little Mose—well, he's dead, too.  
How he used to whistle, an' dance, an' sing.  
While Jim, an' Polly, an' all de res',  
Went roun' an' roun' de ring.

Ol' missus, bless her dear ol' soul,  
Would laff till her sides gib way,  
An' massa would stop at my cabin just  
To say, "How's ol' mammy to-day?"

De boys—I mean old massa's boys—  
Dey lubbed old mammy, too.  
She nussed 'em, ebery blessed one,  
Clean down to little Mas' Lou.

Po' Mas' Lou, he went to de fight,  
But he nebber com' home no' mo'.  
Dey say dat he fell wid a bullet in de bres',  
In de front ob de battle's roar.

He'd put his arms aroun' my neck,  
An' say, "Mammy, I lub you so."  
He didn't see no harm in dat.  
Do' his mammy was black and po'.

Ol' missis died wid a broken heart,  
W'en de las' ob de boys was kill'd,  
An' massa bow'd his head an' cried  
"Dat his cup ob sorrow was fill'd."

An' yere I sot a-waiting and a-watching  
For dat good time comin' no mo',  
An' I see ol' missus a-calling mammy  
Across from de odder sho'.

MRS. F. G. DE FONTAINE.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

## AN AMUSING INCIDENT.



AFTER a long march, in a heavy snow-storm, in the month of February, 1863, the Eleventh Virginia Calvary. (Confederate), commanded by Colonel F., encamped at 12 or 1 o'clock in the night, in a wood near Kratzer's Spring, in the county of Rockingham, Virginia. Having no axes to cut wood for fires and no cooked rations, the men were supposed to have gone "supperless to their blankets," and to have fasted until their ration wagons arrived the next morning.

This may or may not have been true as to some of the men—it was not true as to all, *I am told*, and "I tell it to you as 'twas told to me."

On the morning after the regiment encamped in the wood aforesaid, Captain H., of Company "E," sallied forth in quest of a "square meal," and "struck it" at the house of a farmer near the camp, Mr. Gideon K. While enjoying his breakfast at the hospitable board of Mr. K., the captain was regaled with the narration of an outrageous assault made on the night previous upon the chilled and helpless bees of Mr. K., resulting in the abstraction of the *honey* from the hive of said bees, in which Mr. K. *had an interest*.

Captain H., warming with indignation at the wrongs of his kind host, urged K. to ride over to the camp with him, saying that he would have the camp searched, and, if the honey were found, would use his influence with Colonel F. to inflict the most ignominious punishment upon the perpetrators of the outrage. Arriving at camp, the grievance was speedily made known to the colonel, and Adjutant C. as speedily drew an order directing the officer of the guard with a posse to search every tent for the lost honey. By some means, to the writer unknown, the news of the object of the search preceded the searching party, and in some way, to the writer equally unknown, some of the beautiful honey-comb was secreted in the mess chest of Captain H. himself, and his blankets lightly spread over the chest without the closing of the lid.

When the posse, accompanied by Mr. K. and Captain H. (and Adjutant C.) had completed a (thus far) fruitless search, they arrived at the tent of Captain H. himself, who remarked that, "as the order of search was sweeping in its character, he desired the officer and his posse to search his tent also." To this all demurred as useless, but,

being pressed by Captain H. to go in and rest from their tramp through the deep snow, the adjutant (*reluctantly?*) consented to go in with Mr. K. and rest for a few moments before returning to headquarters. Entering the tent, the adjutant *carelessly* sat down on the captain's mess chest, when, to his horror and amazement, the blankets went down into the chest, and, being suddenly jerked up, threw honey-comb around promiscuously. Mr. K. looked inquiringly at Captain H., who turned red, green, white, and blue by turns. The adjutant *attempted, but could not explain* away the seemingly criminating evidence. All expressed their entire confidence in the integrity of Captain H. Mr. K. (thinking he "saw it") smiled, and the adjutant accompanied the officer of the guard and posse when he went to headquarters (as it was necessary for him to be there to receive the report of the result of the search). Captain H. remained at his own tent, his eyes and mouth wide open, in blank amazement. The affair was not investigated farther, and it was said that, after their return to headquarters, Mr. K. and the adjutant joined the colonel in a smile. "*Sic transit.*"

F. A. D.

#### PRICE'S COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT.

The capture of Lexington by Price's army was a crushing blow to Fremont's ambition. He had permitted a disorderly mass of citizen soldiers to defy his army of occupation. Something had to be done at once to retrieve the disaster or off would go his official head. At once from every direction the scattered bodies of Federals were ordered to converge upon this single point. From all quarters came reports to Price of the advance of the hostile legions, and he was forced to beat a hasty retreat. Some idea may be formed of the disorganized condition of his commissary department from the following brief narrative by Colonel John S. Melon, commissary-in-chief of one of the largest divisions:

"I enlisted in General Sterling Price's Confederate army in 1861 in the month of September, at Lexington, Missouri, and for the war that commenced in 1861 and has continued up to 1884, but may cease after March 4, 1885, was at and engaged in the battle of the siege and capture of Colonel Mulligan and 3,500 of his command, and a large lot of commissary and quartermaster's stores. The names of the prominent officers mentioned will comprise all necessary in my short article. When I went into camp at Lexington, Missouri, the night after the surrender of the Federal garrison, I met General Harris in command of the Second division of the Missouri State Guard, comprising some 3,500 men. Colonel E. C. McDonald, whom I also met, was in command of his battalion, composed of some five hundred men, with Ben Hawkins, major.

The next morning, General Harris appointed me commissary-in-chief of his command, with rank of lieutenant-colonel of subsistence. I at once made requisitions on the Commissary-General and Quartermaster-General for commissary stores and transportation for the same, but without success for several days. Finally, orders were given to prepare to retreat at once with all my stores in the direction of Clinton, Henry county, Missouri, and to be ready to march at daylight. I was ready and anxious to start at a minute's warning, as my whole outfit consisted of one pony and one pair of blankets. The army commenced moving out at daylight. I made vigorous demands for commissary supplies and transportation for same. About two o'clock P. M., five large United States wagons, with six mules each, arrived in charge of a wagon-master, who inquired lustily for Colonel Melline. I was quite happy to think my requisition for commissary stores and transportation had at last been honored. But, lo and behold! the teamsters unloaded in great haste—forty-six barrels of Bourbon whisky, and moved rapidly away with the wagons and teams, leaving me in sole charge of the whisky, with no assistance or orders of disposition, or any one to help to drink it. Personally, I did not feel in a drinking mood. About four o'clock P. M. our chief surgeon, Dr. Bailly (now of Demopolis, Alabama), called on me for one barrel of whisky, turning over to me one small wagon and two mules. I placed the barrel of whisky in the wagon, which contained medical stores, salt, and sugar. I now had a train, and moved off after the procession vigorously. At 2 o'clock A. M. on the third day after our march commenced, we came in sight of the army, encamped on the bank of the Little Grand river, in Henry county, Missouri, a tributary of the Osage river. The roads being muddy, my wagon train became stuck in a hole, and I had to loosen my mules, abandon it, and go into camp. The distance from Lexington to Little Grand river is seventy miles. Our sappers and miners were building a bridge across the stream mentioned. When in camp, I at once proceeded to establish my headquarters under a wagon belonging to Colonel McDonald's command, with my chief of staff, the teamster. The wagon sheltered us from the rain. About four o'clock in the morning I was called up by Dr. Bailly, saying he must have whisky from my train at once, as Major Ben Hawkins had been snake bitten, and whisky was the only known infallible remedy for its cure. We, the teamster and myself, at once returned for our wagon and medical stores, in order to furnish the whisky as soon as possible. On our way, we met a great many soldiers returning to camp with from two to three canteens, and, on inquiry, I found they contained whisky taken from my train, and were intended for Major Ben Hawkins to cure his snake bite. On our arrival at my train, I found it surrounded by about seventy-five soldiers, all actively engaged in filling their canteens with whisky to cure Major Ben Hawkins' snake bite. The barrel being emptied of its contents, I tumbled it out, hitched up our mules, and took my train into camp, still having intact our medicines, sugar, and salt. By this time the sun was up and shining brightly, the first time in three days. The bridge being finished, the army was ordered to march by double quick toward Parson Smith's in Cedar county, Missouri. But, the best of all, Major Ben Hawkins was cured of the snake bite. Being a Kentuckian, one barrel of Bourbon whisky used was not unreasonable."

[For the BIVOUAC.]

## A MIDNIGHT RAID AND A LEAP IN THE DARK.



It was in the winter of 1863, the time made so memorable by the stringent orders given by General Sheridan for the burning of all the stack-yards, as well as the houses in which any of the Confederates had been harbored, and really for the destruction of everything that could be of any use to our army, or to the people of the valley of Virginia. It was said, and generally believed to be true, he had threatened such total destruction that a "crow flying over the valley would have to carry its rations." But, for all that, there were not many homes in the valley where a rebel did not manage to visit at times, and where he was not always made welcome with open arms.

We lived about twelve miles from Harper's Ferry, where the Yankee army, or some portion of it, was always stationed—except the occasions when our men ran them out—so it was especially venture-some for our boys to come so near.

But, notwithstanding this fact, one cold, snowy Sunday night, while we were all sitting snugly around the fire—besides the members of our own family, several of the girls of the neighborhood—two Johnny Rebs. tapped at the window. They were at once admitted, and soon had been served with a nice, hot supper, and their horses put up and fed. A right merry evening was spent, we telling of the many things the Yankees had been doing, and hearing in return of all our distant loved ones, and the movements of the army. Apples and walnuts were brought in, and the latter cracked along with the jokes of camp life until the hour for retiring, when the two soldier boys (one a lieutenant of artillery, Dr. Carter Berkeley, and the other a private in the Sixth Virginia cavalry, John Opie) spoke with delight at the prospect of sleeping in a good, soft bed. The good-nights were said, and by midnight silence reigned in the house.

We had hardly dozed off into our first nap when the tramping of horses' feet and the clashing of sabers was heard. My father, an old gentleman, came with hurried footsteps into my room saying, "Get up! The house is full of Yankees! Tell the boys to come down!" I suppose he meant for them to surrender. Quick as a wink I snatched up a light, arrayed only in my "robe de nuit," and minus shoes and stockings, I flew to the head of the stairs. Imagine my consternation to find the steps full of soldiers, pistols in hand, and

sabers, too, for I remember a touch of cold steel against my bare foot. They said:

"The rebels are here, and they must surrender!"

To which I replied, "O, yes! I'll tell them;" and turning, I met my sister at the door of the bed-room where the two boys slept. They had dressed, and were looking for their pistols, but found that they had left them down in the hall. A side door opened into a closet, where there was a window leading to the roof of a porch.

For some reason, I have no doubt it was fear, though they numbered three hundred, some in the house, and the rest all around it, the soldiers that were on the stairway did not come any further. As soon as we realized that they had halted, we said to the boys in low tones, "Don't give up." It was a foolish thing to do, as we were not a half dozen feet from the Yankees on the stairs, but we had not stopped to think. Not another word was spoken between us, but L—— holding up the window, and I with the light still in my hand, the two boys crawled through the window and jumped off of the porch-roof. The porch was even higher than in general, having steps down to the ground, so the leap was a perilous one. The lieutenant fell on his back, and it was full two seconds before he could recover his breath, but they managed to pick themselves up unhurt, though as they jumped the soldiers around the house had heard as well as seen them, for the moon was shining bright as day. The bullets flew around them, as well as around our heads, for we two made a fine target, standing at the window with a lamp, but no one was hurt. I was so scared that I do not remember exactly what we did next, but soon the Yankees were all over the house, some hunting one corner, some another, for what I don't know. They knew the rebels had jumped out of the window, for they called out, "Your d—d rebel beaux are dead down here in the yard." To which we replied, "O, we hope not," though we could not imagine what had become of them. In the meantime, they had captured the hats, pistols, and overcoats that were in the hall, as well as gotten the horses out of the stable. I have always thought that a colored man on the place had brought the soldiers, as well as stolen the horses. But the Yankees still searched every hole and corner, till, going into the dining-room, some of them called out, "The d—d rebels have been settin' here eatin' *walnuts*; here are the hulls!"

They did not get the two boys that night, and for my life I can't tell why they did not set fire to the house, or do some other damage. They either were a very peaceable set or a very timid one. After

poking and peering around everywhere, they at last called to order and to horse, and soon we could hear the tramp of their horses' feet on the frozen snow, until they were lost to sound. As soon as they were gone, L—— and myself went out to look for our friends. We searched far and near, until we were at last compelled by the cold and increasing darkness to retire to the house once more. No sooner had we settled ourselves than we heard some one tapping at the window, and in came three or four other rebels. They had been staying that night at my uncle's house, about half a mile away, but, hearing the tramping of the enemy's horses, had slipped out and hidden in the fields. They waited till the party had left our house, and feeling sure they would not return that night to the same place, had concluded that they might as well have a soft bed, instead of staying in the snow all night. So, sure enough, they crept in, and got into the beds so lately vacated by the two poor fellows who had been roused so unceremoniously from their slumbers.

No more disturbances occurred, and we all slept soundly till day, when L—— and myself got up, and went forth to seek our two visitors, fearing greatly they might have been wounded or captured. But soon we saw them coming toward us, all safe and sound. They said that after the big leap, they had sprung over the yard fence, and, running in its shadow, had passed the stables, where the Yankees were busy getting their horses, and then through an open field into the wood, where they had spent the night at a house near by. They had now returned to let us know they were all safe, though minus hats, arms, and horses. The whole party breakfasted full of life and high spirits, though at any moment the scouts were liable to return. My father hurried them off, and soon, taking leave, they started for their camp up the valley, leaving us to the tender mercies of the enemy. They had hardly gotten out of sight when up once more rode the three hundred.

MRS. DR. C. B.





### A PRIVATE SOLDIER'S VIEW OF THE "BLOODY CHASM."

If in the hearts of some there still linger feelings of rancor for wrongs wrought by cruel war, it is gratifying to know that such is not the case with those who fought on either side. With them the chasm has long since been bridged; it is now closing up. To show what wonders time is doing in behalf of peace and good feeling, we make room for the following letter to the *Weekly News*, New Castle, Pa. The author was a private in the Pennsylvania Bucktails, and is now a *laboring man*:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., December 17, 1884.

"EDITOR NEWS: The population of Washington is truly cosmopolitan in its character. It is made up of all classes from all parts of the country, of all nationalities, of all shades of political and religious opinion. Here everything is discussed. Discussion is the friction of ideas, which, though it may not convince, is sure to smooth down and take off the rough edge of intolerance, and make men more charitable toward the opinions of others. The doctrine that in one section amounts to political heresy is in another the very Gospel of truth. Tariff and free trade, Southern outrages, Republican corruption, prohibition, silver coinage, all these questions take a local coloring, and it is only the true citizen of the world that can look at them from all sides and form an unbiased opinion. Men's opinions are generally governed by their pecuniary interests. The argumentum ad pocketbookem is the language that convinces. Tritely expressed, money talks. Here all classes meet on a common level, and one man's opinions are as good as another's. Here the Union and the Confederate soldier meet and clasp hands, not 'over the bloody chasm,' for there never was one between them after they each found out the fighting qualities of the other, but over the ashes of burned-out camp-fires, over the memories of deeds of valor, over the graves of fallen comrades. If all the animosities of the war were buried as deep as that of the soldiers of both armies, this whole country would be as firmly united as Pennsylvania is on the tariff, or the Republican party (now) on civil service reform. It seems to me that the feeling existing between the Union and Confederate soldier differs in no way from that existing between soldiers who fought on the same side. I have become intimate with several ex-Confederate soldiers here. They are just as jolly good fellows as ever lived. We fight our battles over with as keen a zest as ever they were fought over at regimental reunions or Grand Army camp-fires. I love a Union soldier, not because he loved the Union—there are plenty of men who I know loved the Union dearly for whom I care little or nothing—I love the Union soldier because he *fought*; because he stood with me where bullets whistled and shells screamed; where the smoke of battle hung in clouds, and men were stricken down by scores, hundreds, and thousands; because he endured what I endured; he suffered what I suffered. That is the bond of sympathy between us; and when I meet a man who fought in the same battles, endured and suffered the same hardships, though on the other side, my feelings for him are the same as though he fought on my side. It is the feeling of respect that brave men win in any cause; and while I love the Union and abhor treason just as

much as ever, and admire the soldier who bravely fought for the right, yet I must look with equal admiration and respect on the soldier who just as bravely fought on the side that by his education and surroundings he believed to be right.

"One of my best friends here is an old Confederate soldier. He is an honest, hard-working, thoroughly-reconstructed rebel, with no 'lost cause' nonsense about him. He says: 'We made a big mistake, and suffered for it; but you never could have licked us but by pounding away and filling up your ranks as fast as we killed you off.' We took a long walk into the country a few days ago, fourteen miles out and back. Being well warmed up on the home-stretch, I said, 'Well, Ned, we have taken many a long tramp together before now, haven't we?' He answered, 'Yes, but I was either chasing after you or you were chasing after me, over there in Virginia; but now we can march along together, and after all I think that is the best way.'

"And such, I think, would be the verdict of both armies.

"C. B. LOVER."

#### THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY.



Of single body of troops that enlisted under the flag of the Confederacy made a more brilliant record than the Washington Artillery of New Orleans. Though drawn from the polished circles of a city noted for its social refinement, yet not even the hardy mountaineers bore the trials of warfare with greater fortitude. From the very first they attracted attention, by the graceful accuracy of their drill, their elegant equipments, and a noble spirit of soldierly ambition. But it took real war to show that under the glitter of decoration was the pure gold of heroic energy. From Manassas to Appomattox they bore full part in the achievements of the army of Northern Virginia. The following is a contemporary newspaper account of their departure from New Orleans to the scene of war in Virginia, with a list of men and officers:

"Major Walton's battalion, the Washington Artillery, numbering four companies and three hundred men, left for Virginia last evening, by the Jackson railroad. Their departure was attended with a turnout of the population which was a perfect ovation. No previous military departure from this city has drawn out a multitude so great, or been honored with so tumultuous a demonstration of feeling on the part of the public.

"Long before the hour of departure, crowds blocked up Girod street in front of the arsenal, and swarmed Lafayette square, and the city hall and the other buildings around—the ladies forming the great part of the multitude everywhere.

"The battalion, formed in four companies, with their drivers as a fifth or

auxiliary, and with a large turnout of honorary members wearing badges, formed in Lafayette square. The Orleans Light Horse, Captain Leeds; the Orleans Guard, some four or five hundred strong, and the youthful Louisiana Cadets, came to the ground, to escort the artillerists to the railroad depot.

"The news that the Rev. Dr. Palmer was to deliver a parting address to the artillerists from the steps of the city hall, caused St. Charles street to be still more densely crowded.

"The artillerists drew up in companies, according to rank, in front of the city hall, and, with sabers erect, listened to the address of the Rev. Dr. Palmer. The address was just such a one as might have been expected from that gentleman on such an occasion. It was eloquent, thrilling, and to the point, throughout. When the reverend speaker concluded, the artillerists gave three cheers for the independence of the Southern Confederacy, and three more for the 'Old Dominion.' After that, the multitude gave more cheers than we could count, for the Washington Artillery, and for Major Walton.

"The march for departure was then formed. Escorted by the cavalry company and the Orleans Guard, the artillerists marched down St. Charles to Canal, down Canal to Camp, up Camp to Calliope, and out Calliope to the railroad depot. All along this route, the scene was one of the most unexampled feeling and enthusiasm. The men made all the noise in the way of huzzas and cheers, while the ladies could only express their feelings in their own silent way—flouting their kerchiefs and flinging flowers.

"At the depot the scene was almost indescribable. While all the vehicles from the center of town were there, cumbering the streets with their loads of beauty, the balconies, windows, and very housetops were crowded with people. All points of vision were madly struggled for, and the whole vicinity presented the appearance of a tempest-tossed sea of human beings.

"We never before saw ladies of fashion, respectability, wealth, do as much as we saw them doing last evening, in order to get a final look at the artillerists as they went away. They left their carriages and mingled in the rough crowd, dodging under mules' noses, jumping out of the way of moving vehicles, wading ankle deep in dust, and snuffing clouds of dust, and soiling their clothes with dust; running, jumping, tripping, encountering all sorts of little disasters—caring only to find some place where they could have a last good look at the artillerists as the cars carried them away.

"So densely was the track lined with people, that the crowd extended over half a mile beyond the depot, to the very edge of the swamp, the ladies going as far as any.

"At last, and just as twilight was fading into dark, the military train rumbled by, the men along the track cheering the soldiers, the latter responding, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and the whole multitude, on and off the cars, giving all sorts of evidences of the very highest heart-feeling and enthusiasm.

"Nearly everybody had wet eyes. We noticed, as the cars were rumbling off in the distance, groups of people sitting about on the piles of lumber and railroad iron, waiting for the ladies to have out their cry before they started on their return to the city—there being mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters in this crowd.

"God bless and protect the brave Washington Artillerists, was the heart-prayer of all. They are now on their way to action, and soon we shall hear good reports of them.

ROLL OF THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY, MAY 27, 1861.

"As Major Walton's battalion is made up of the best blood of New Orleans—including in its ranks men of wealth, intellect, and eminence in the different walks of life—a publication of their names in full will be esteemed by our readers, and will be preserved now that the brave band is leaving for the seat of war:

"STAFF.—Major, J. B. Walton; Adjutant, Lieutenant W. M. Owen; Surgeon, Dr. E. S. Drew; Quartermaster, Lieutenant C. H. Slocomb.

"NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.—Sergeant-Major, C. L. C. Dupuy; Color-Sergeant, Louis M. Montgomery; Quartermaster-Sergeant, Stringer Kennedy. *Color Guard*—Corporal George W. Wood, Corporal E. J. Jewell, Corporal A. H. Peale, Corporal J. H. Dearie.

"ROLL OF FIRST COMPANY.—Captain, H. M. Isaacson; First Lieutenant, C. W. Squires; First Lieutenant Junior, J. B. Richardson; Second Lieutenant, H. G. Geiger. *First Detachment*—First Sergeant, Edward Owen; First Corporal, F. D. Ruggles; T. S. Turner, G. M. Judd, E. Kersheedt, J. W. Kearney, C. Rossiter, W. Chambers, W. F. Perry, J. E. Rodd. *Second Detachment*—Second Sergeant, J. M. Galbraith; Second Corporal, E. C. Payne; J. M. Payne, R. McK. Spearing, A. F. Coste, J. R. McGaughy, E. A. Cowen, F. A. St. Amant, W. T. Hardie, H. Chambers. *Third Detachment*—Third Sergeant, C. H. C. Brown; Third Corporal, W. Fellowes, Sr.; J. E. Jarreau, J. A. Tarleton, T. Y. Aby, C. Chambers, G. W. Muse, L. Labarre, M. Mount, P. A. J. Michel. *Fourth Detachment*—Fourth Corporal, F. F. Case; E. V. Wiltz, J. P. Manico, L. E. Zebal, H. L. Zebal, W. R. Falconer, G. B. DeRussey, F. Lobrano, C. A. Everett. *Artificers*—S. G. Stewart, W. D. Holmes, Israel Scott. *Drivers*—George Bernard, Sergeant; Michael Hoch, Charles Rush, John L. Hoch, John Escheman, John O'Neil, W. R. Dirke, Pat Mooney, H. Meyer, John Jacobs, Thomas Kerwin, David Nolan, William Forrest, Fred Lester, R. Nicholas, John Charlesworth, John Wilson, John Anderson, Matthew Burns, James Heflogh.

"ROLL OF SECOND COMPANY.—First Lieutenant, C. C. Lewis, commanding; First Lieutenant, Samuel J. McPherson; Second Lieutenant, C. H. Slocomb. *First Detachment*—First Sergeant, J. H. DeGrange; First Corporal, J. D. Edwards; Sam Hawes, H. M. Payne, J. S. Meyers, Tracey Twichell, J. J. Land, J. W. Emmet, J. A. Hall, G. Humphrey. *Second Detachment*—Second Sergeant, Gustave Aime; Second Corporal, C. E. Leverich; J. D. Dritten, — Randolph, W. E. Florance, J. W. Parsons, J. Howard Goodin, Thomas H. Suter, F. Atlewal, F. P. Buckner. *Third Detachment*—Third Sergeant, H. C. Wood; Third Corporal, Julius Freret; W. C. Giffen, L. C. Woodville, A. A. Brinsmade, E. L. Hall, R. Axson, William Roth, E. D. Patton, A. G. Knight. *Fourth Detachment*—Fourth Sergeant, C. Hutchez; Fourth Corporal, B. V. L. Hutton; G. E. Strawbridge, A. R. Blakely, R. Baunister, Jr., R. C. Lewis, H. B. Berthelot, W. J. Hare, J. H. Randolph, W. H. Wilkins. *Artificers*—John Montgomery, Leonard Craig. *Drivers*—John Weber, Toney

Hulby, John Fagan, George Barr, William Carey, B. B. F. McKesson, William Little, James Crilly, John Cannon, James Leyden, Edward Loftus, Erwin Lake, James Brown, M. F. Lynch, Louis Rouch, William Oliver, Corn'l McGregor, Alexander Buche.

"ROLL OF THIRD COMPANY.—Captain, M. B. Miller; First Lieutenant, J. B. Whittington; Second Lieutenant, L. A. Adam; First Sergeant, Frank McElroy; Second Sergeant, A. V. Hero; Third Sergeant, L. Prado; Fourth Sergeant, J. T. Handy; First Corporal, E. J. Jewell; Second Corporal, A. H. Peale; Third Corporal, W. H. Ellis; Fourth Corporal, — Collins; M. N. Bartlett, H. D. Summers, J. H. Moore, W. Mills, Robert Bruce, J. J. Holmes, T. H. Fuqua, O. N. DeBlanc, A. W. Morgan, P. W. Pettis, E. Riviere, F. Kremilburg, Charles Hart, Samuel C. Boush, George McNeill, J. H. Collis, Frank Shaw, W. S. Toledana, E. Toledano, P. O. Fazude, Fred Hubbard, Joseph De Meza, L. E. Guyot, J. F. Randolph, S. Dehalaron, J. T. Brenford, C. W. Deacon, Stringer Kennedy, Howard Tully, William Leefe, J. W. Brown, C. H. Stocker, J. B. Porters, S. G. Sanders, B. L. Brazelman, — Plautigne, C. E. Fortier, R. Maxwell, Emil Avril, Ernest Charpuian, T. M. McFall, M. W. Cloney, Ed Duncan, C. A. Falconer, H. J. Phelps, T. Balentine, Samuel W. Noyes, M. W. Chapman, W. R. Noble, W. G. Coyle, F. A. Coyle (artificer), L. P. Forshe, J. C. Bloomfield. *Artificers*—Joseph Blanchard, James Keating.

ROLL OF FOURTH COMPANY.—Captain, B. F. Eshleman; First Lieutenant, Joe Norcom; Second Lieutenant, Harry A. Battles; Second Sergeant, W. J. Behan; Third Sergeant, G. E. Apps; Fourth Sergeant, J. D. Reynolds; First Corporal, George Wood; Second Corporal, J. W. Dearn; A. D. Augustus, B. F. Wridler, J. R. McGowan, I. M. Rohbock, H. F. Wilson, C. C. Bier, J. C. Wood, John S. Fish, F. A. Brodie, Bernard Hufft, G. L. Crutcher, J. F. Lilly, T. J. Stewart, Samuel A. Knox, William Palfrey, L. C. Lewis, J. H. Smith, G. Montgomery, Isaac Jessup, A. F. Vass, W. W. Jones, P. C. Lane, T. Carey, W. P. S. Crecy, W. C. Morrell, W. T. O'Neill, A. Banksmith, Frank Williams, E. Lauer, G. Beck, R. F. F. Moore, H. H. Baker, J. W. Burke, John Meux, J. B. Valentine, Phil Vancoln, T. B. White, H. N. White, John B. Chastant, W. J. Sneed, H. D. Seaman, Jr., E. H. Bee, C. W. Marston, C. A. Deval, E. A. Mellard, J. W. Wilcox, V. D. Terrebonne, E. F. Reichart, Thomas H. Cummings, R. H. Gray, J. T. Hale, J. W. Lecesne, E. Toubert, Charles Hardenburg, J. C. Purdy. *Artificers*—Levy Callahan, John McDonnell. *Band*—J. V. Gessner, leader; T. Gutzler, Ch. W. Struve, J. Arnold, John Deutch, John Geches, Peter Trum, John Lorbs, Thomas Costmel, J. H. Sporer, Charles Meier. *Buglers*—James P. Villasana, William Fletcher.



[For the BIVOUAC.]

## OUR SURGEON, THE OAK TREE, AND A STRANGER.

Do you remember the gold-tinseled army surgeon? I mean that man whose principal treatment of the sick of his command was solemn frowns, broken into doses by gruff words? Yes, of course, you remember him—who that ever had to “take one of them pills” does not? And you remember another thing, that there is nothing much more delightful to the wounded feelings of a convalescent “private” than for Providence to bring about something which makes him feel even with that same doctor.

Now, I do not want for a moment to be thought to feel anything but the profoundest respect for the brave, open-hearted, cool-headed, steady-handed, good fellow of a doctor that would stand by “*the boys*” like a man, and a man you “*could count on.*” All honor to such who were noble and true. But now for my old “hero,” with his rotund stomach, thunder-cloud brow, black velvet collar, with a star big enough to shine in the “first magnitude.”

Well, times were hot; the whole army of Northern Virginia “was into it,” and that, deep. Our brigade had just been ordered into the field of death; and Doctor P——, as brigade surgeon, was seeking a field hospital, where the “boys” could have their wounds examined ere they were sent to the more elaborate establishment in the “rear.” As he scanned the field, a grand old oak standing in the distance wooed the doctor, and away he rode for it. On arriving, the doctor found a dismounted horseman reclining calmly on the grass, with his bridle-rein over his arm. This was just the man after the doctor’s own heart. Here he would do his fighting—here show his boundless patriotism—here teach the craven heart how to cower and cringe beneath the stern glance of the “brigade surgeon.” And so, without a moment’s warning, he opened fire:

“What are you skulking back here for, you miserable fellow? Why are you not with your command? Where do you belong?”

All of these questions were asked with a severity that was simply withering. But, somehow, they did not seem to strike in on the “old fellow.” Calmly and coolly turning on one side, he glanced up and casually remarked, as he recognized the doctor’s rank: “There is room enough here for us both, doctor.” There was something in the “old man’s” way of putting the subject that led the doctor to consider the truth of the proposition, especially as the “old man” was a little stronger built than the doctor, and the “provost guard” was not handy to consult about the matter. It may have been that the tired

look in the old eyes touched the doctor's heart. Be this as it may, the doctor concluded to let the "old skulker" stay, and so began unpacking a few "duds" from his "traps." But ere he had proceeded far, the quick clatter of a horse's feet coming at full speed startled him; the next instant a powder-blackened, battle-heated courier drew rein by the "old man's" side, touched his hat, and said: "Dispatches for General Lee." The "old man" arose, took the dispatches, read them, gave an order, and the courier was away like magic. But the doctor, "O, where was he?" It seemed as if his clothes had suddenly gotten six inches too big for him all around. His face wore a distressing pallor, as if he had swallowed the contents of his whole field case. It was a terrible attack; one that would be pronounced now, "malaria of the worst type." The doctor's tongue was also sadly affected. It would not articulate, nor connect the words into sentences; something like the following: "Ah—r—r, General, I—I—ah, didn't know—I—ah—beg your pardon." The grand, calm, open face let fall its full light on the diminishing form of the speaker, and the same words that had fallen from those lips just before—"Never mind, doctor, there is room enough here for us both,"—were again spoken. But, though General Lee beat McClelland, I have a lingering suspicion that he did not convince the doctor of the truth of his remark, for it suddenly dawned on him that that was not a good place for a "field hospital" anyway.—*A Quartermaster-Sergeant's Recollections.*

#### "ALLEGHANY" JOHNSON AT SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE.

Few, if any, of Lee's division commanders held a warmer place in the hearts of the troops than he who was known as Alleghany Johnson. Without any vaulting ambition for fame or place, he yet fought as if the cause depended upon his single arm. His courage was equaled by his modesty, and, though his name seldom filled the speaking trump of newspaper fame, it was often mentioned in terms of affectionate admiration around the camp-fires of the rank and file. The following throws a beam of light upon his character, and is a pleasing tribute to the noble old Roman:

"In the chill, misty, first early dawn of May 12, 1864, I saw a fine-looking, stout-built officer, clad in a long, gray military overcoat, rush on foot into the Horse Shoe salient, where General Hancock was making his terrific onslaught, and his men pouring into our works on all sides. As the officer would catch hold of and push away the bayonets of the storming enemy, I heard him

repeatedly shout, 'Don't shoot into my men!' This was Major-General Edward Johnson, of Virginia, known in his command as 'Old Blucher.' And when, a day or two after, we landed at Fort Delaware as prisoners of war, and this same grim hero stepped from the steamer to the wharf, and passed up through a knot of handsomely-dressed officers of the post to take his place behind the iron bars, in his battle-torn hat and war-stained coat, he looked every inch the soldier that he was.

"I had never before been upon General Johnson's front, and knew very little of him (being in another command), but this act of devotion and personal daring at Spottsylvania has ever been indelibly engraven on my memory. The incident should have been in print long ago to do honor to so gallant a man. He is dead now, and the harvest sheaf has ripened many times since then. Where his ashes rest, I do not know, but there upon some shaft or tablet should be written, 'No bolder soldier ever donned the Southern gray, or followed the storm-tossed colors of the immortal Lee.'

"W. P. CARTER."

#### ORPHAN BRIGADE ITEMS.

The following reminiscences of army life in the Orphan Brigade, Kentucky infantry, are furnished by Fred. Joyce:

Captain W—, of the Fourth Kentucky, was a prominent member of the "Glee Club," and was amazingly fond of "good eating," and lost no time in making himself solid with all the families around the encampment. He had the patience of two Jobs, and would sit and talk to an old farmer for hours and hours on subjects of which he had not the slightest knowledge, asking questions and making suggestions, after a little enlightenment. As for the good old wives, they were his special delight, and with them he just stood right up head, and was never "turned down." As for the young ladies and children, which, in his beaming way, were only incidentally the objects of his attention, they seemed to step prouder and look gayer and more satisfied when he was around. The party of the house who was nearest the larder, whether father, mother, daughter, or children, would be courted and flattered. And when the point of interest arrived, viz: as a little boy once said to his mother, as the cook was frying ham, "The dinny 'menced to 'mell good," on his fat countenance all the changes from serenity to ecstatic bliss were successively stereographed.

He was in unusual luck at Manchester, Tennessee. While there, a young lady sent him a basket of goose eggs. The darkey had to pass through a part of the Second regiment to reach the Fourth. But not realizing any difference in regimental numbers, he commenced to inquire for Captain W—'s tent as soon as he struck the camp. His first stop was at Captain Ed. B—'s quarters, where this accommodating officer, personating Captain W—, relieved the innocent slave of his valuable cargo. He had been the recipient of some venison the same morning, I think by the same means he got the goose eggs. So he resolved to have a feast, and invite his victims. The loudest talker and biggest eater at the board was Captain W—. After dinner, he was given a history of the goose eggs, but as his hunger was appeased, he laughed louder than any one at the joke.

VOL. III., No. 6—18.



## Youths' Department.

### THE BOLD GUERRILLA BOY.



OR some time I lay still under the bush, fearing that some of them might have staid near in order to catch me if they heard any noise in the woods. As I heard no noise in the next half-hour, and beginning to feel cold, I came out and walked to the edge of the woods. Everything seemed quiet, and I thought I would go back to the house, as I began to get right cold, having no clothes on. So I walked across the field, and went around towards the front of the house, to see whether they had gone.

After standing still some time and listening, I heard horses moving in the yard. I knew, then, that the rascals were waiting to see whether I would come back to the house. So I went back to the woods at a pretty fast gait, keeping my ears well-set behind. They hadn't noticed me, however, and didn't follow. When I got to the woods, I concluded that it would be best for me to stay there till daylight in order to make sure of their going away.

It seemed to me that a soldier's life was pretty hard. I had served my country faithfully for more than nine months, had been on many a raid, had killed several Yankees and wounded some, had captured one, and here I was hunted from home, driven like a dog from my bed, shot at as if I were a criminal, and obliged to stand out in the woods on a cold night, without any clothes on! And what credit had I gotten for all I had done? Even Miss Sallie had treated me badly, had gone back on her solemn promise, and was now the means of my being driven from home. For I felt sure that the Yankee she had let loose, had brought these rascals after me. I felt that it was a hard life, and the colder I got, the worse I thought of it. I had to walk about nearly all the time to keep warm.

After doing this for some time, I had to lay down as I was nearly dead for sleep. But as soon as I got asleep I was waked up by the cold. I was afraid to go back to the house as I felt sure the Yankees would watch for me till morning. If I had had a pistol I would have gone down and taken a shot at them anyhow.

About sunrise I saw them all ride away. But now there was

another difficulty. I had no clothes on but my shirt, and I was ashamed to go to the house in that fix. I was in sight of the house, and yet couldn't get there. All I could do was to wait till dark and then go down to the house, unless some one brought my clothes out to me. No one came, however, and there I had to stay all day. I got as hungry as the very devil. I could have eaten raw mule-meat. But there was no help for it but to wait. Once or twice I thought I would go anyhow. But when I got a little distance from the woods, the sunlight made me look so naked that I had to go back for very shame.

Then I tried to make them hear me at the house, hoping that Jim had gotten home and would help me out of my fix. So I stood at the edge of the woods, and, putting one hand on each side of my mouth, I screamed out, "Jim, bring me my clothes!" I did this two or three times directly after each other. Not a sound was heard except the echo from the house, "bring me my clothes." I didn't know it was an echo at first, but thought they were mocking me; and though I was brought up by religious parents, I cursed them loud and deep. I couldn't help it. The idea of my own friends mocking me in the fix I was at the time, was too bad for even a saint to stand. However, it soon occurred to me that it was an echo, and as I saw no signs of movement at the house, I gave up the hollering. I tried it two or three times during the day but had no better success. So I staid in the woods all day, chewing sticks now and then to ease my hunger a little.

At last the sun went down, and I never was so glad in my life to see a sunset. About dark, I started for the house. I came up behind the hen-house, and took a look around the corner. I didn't see any one, and I determined to make a break. So out I popped, and dashed for the back door. Just as I opened the door, Mrs. Morrison came out into the passage, and screamed when she saw me. I had got that far, however, and was determined to go the whole thing. So I rushed by her, and up the stairs, three steps at a time, and into my room.

On looking around for my clothes, however, I found that the rascally Yankees had taken them away, so I had to go to bed and call for Mrs. Morrison. She came to the door, and told me that the Yankees had carried away everything of mine, and had taken Jim's clothes, too. She said, however, she would send over to a neighbor's, where Tom Stone boarded, and would get a suit of his clothes. I asked her for heaven's sake to send me something to eat as I had had

nothing all day. She went down stairs and sent me up some bread and meat, and I never in all my life tasted anything half so sweet as that. I have felt so much better since, that I have been writing in my diary. I find it is my best friend, as I can tell all my grief to it.

*October 3.* I found this morning that those infernal Yankees didn't leave me anything. They not only took my clothes and pistol, but they also carried off Rebel and my saddle. So I was left with nothing. If Tom Stone hadn't brought me over a suit of clothes, I would have been obliged to stay in bed all the time. A soldier certainly has a hard life, and I have the hardest of them all.

The more I have thought over the matter to day, the more I am of the opinion that I had better change my boarding house. Those Yankees were certainly guided here by the Yankee I took prisoner, and they will keep on coming here till they capture me. And besides, since Miss Sallie treated me so badly, and wouldn't keep her promise, I don't care about staying near her any longer. So I have determined to go away to-morrow. I have bought a horse from Mrs. Morrison and have given her a note which I promise to pay six months after peace is made. He ain't as good a horse as Rebel, for he was certainly the fastest horse I ever saw. Still, he is better than nothing.

*October 4.* I am at Mr Walker's, and have engaged board here. I left Mrs. Morrison's this morning; neither she nor Miss Sallie seemed very sorry for me to go away. They are ungrateful wretches, to treat me as they have done after all I have suffered for them! This is a hard world, and a man very rarely gets credit for all the good he does.

*October 7.* A boy came to the house yesterday and told me he saw some Yankee cavalry at the cross-roads near here. So I got on my horse and went into the woods. I didn't come back to the house till dark, and found that the Yankees hadn't been here. I expect they saw the boy going to the house, and knew they couldn't surprise me. This house is too near the road. The Yankees might get on me before I knew anything about their coming. I shouldn't mind their coming in the daytime, for then I would have a chance to fight. But they might come at night, and then they would be almost sure to get me. The rascals seem bent on capturing me. I shall change my boarding-house to-morrow.



## UNCLE GEORGE.

THE other day Uncle George came over to our place to get some corn-shucks to make foot-mats with. I saw him in the barn where he was tying them up in little bundles.

"Where did you learn your trade, Uncle George," said I.

"Whar did I larn eberyting which I knows? Why on de plantation, in course. Mity few chillern riz by ole Mass Robert but dat dey could turn dar hans to one thing or anuder. Did you ever see any of de Taylor family trampin' aroun' whinin' for cold vittles? Yer didn't, hey? What's mo' you neber will. Wish I had a dollar for ebery ax handle an mat I's made, I'd be rich and proud well as enny quality niggah in de kentry, yes I would."

"Did you ever make any mats during the war?"

"Doan ax sich a fool kestion. Folkses what sleep on de groun' neber take no 'count of sich things. Much as dey could do to wipe dar feet when dey went to bed; leastways in de infancy, while in de cavery, shucks was scace an' dey didn't stay long enuff ennywhar to make nuffin."

"Uncle George, you never told me how you and the blue-coated man got out of the woods you ran into to hide. Got away easy that time, didn't you?"

"Easy? Came bery nigh bein' de las' of me, for a fac', and I ain't goin' to tell no lies about it."

"Why, the fighting was all over."

"Doan be so sho about dat. You see, when we got into dem woodses and couldn't see out, we jes laid low and trimbled. Mr. Starns (for dat was his name) sed 'twas as close a call as ever he seed, and dat nuffin but de wind of our nags had reskered us from deth's doah, and dat if we didn't play sharp we'd go up yit.

"Well, arter puttin his ear on de groun' and holdin' his bref a time or two, he tole me to clime a tree and spy aroun'. He dun his talkin pooty much wid Injun sines, and kept a-startin so at ebery soun' dat, hunny, I could hardly git up de tree. But I made out to do it. I retched the second fork, and was lookin' for a place of which to steady myself for to go up higher, when I chanced to site frou de branches, and seen somethin' which nurlly made me let go and drap down."

"Must have been a grizzly bear."

"Go 'way, chile. 'Twas wuss dan a hole drov' on 'em. De road

was blue wid Yankees a-comin' rite 'long de road nigh to us. Sakes alive! De way I slid down dat tree to de groun' would a'dun credit to a succus stah. Ses Mr. Starns, 'What in de tarnation are yer up tu.' I jes moshined wid my hans and gin to rub Dobbin's nose to keep him from slobberin' rite out or neighin'. Mr. Starns do jes de same wid his critter, his yaller har tryin' to stan' on eend, as de tramp of de colyum got louder and louder. Pooty soon dey all got by, and we took a rest. Arter awhile dey went back, and den Mr. Starns *he* clumb up de tree and took a look. Ses he, when he cum down, 'I thinks all de debbils has gone back, and we better sneak out on de road and try to git away.' When we wuz out, we spide aroun' to see if dar was any bummers about, but dey wuz all gone, and de kentry looked like ebery live thing had runned away."

"May be a scouting party was to come back yet."

"Jes what Mr. Starns kept sayin', and ses he: 'If we aint partickler we'll run into 'em sho.' You better believe we moved along keerful. I neber knowed befo' much about scoutin', but I took a big lesson dat day from Mr. Starns. Ebery wunzt awhile he would git down and stedly de hoss tracks, and he most woreed his rite ear off a-sockin it on de groun' and scrapin it agin de fences and trees for to sent out de Yankees. Bym-bye we drawed nigh to a stream of runnin' watah, and Dobbin jes laffed when he seed it. 'Hold up,' ses Mr. Starns. 'What's that dust mean roun' de turn of de hil.' But Dobbin neber hilt up, and in spite of pullin went rite into the watah, de udder hoss follerin' cloase ahind. While dey were drinkin' I hearn a ruslin' noise 'mong de trees on de hill, and it kinder 'peared to me dat somebody had drawed dar head back quick ahind a tree. I was jist on de pint of makin' a remark when *bang* went a gun, and a bullet whizzed clost to my head."

"Then you poured it in to them, didn't you."

"Into which? Why, hunny, by de time I made sho I wasn't dead, I seed Mr. Starns a-scurryin' up de bank like a house afire, and it wasn't long 'fore Dobbin wuz alongside a-holdin' his own. Jes' as we retched de liff of de hill, de bullets fairly played a tune. I never looked back till we got on de udder side, and den I seed dat de men runnin' us war dressed in gray. 'Dey is our men,' says I to Mr. Starns. He looked, and rite away wheeled his hoss, sayin', 'Them ain't no Yankees.' I pulled in a leetle ahind, and we both held up our hans. Pooty soon dey war all aroun' us, two or three at wunzt askin' Mr. Starns for his pistol, and cussin' him scanlous.

"'Bringin' niggers to help you burn barns, hey? Hangin's too good for you.'

" 'I ain't no Yankee," ses Mr. Starns.

" 'What are you doin' wid that blue coat on, then?' and dey all laffed."

" 'What did he say to that?'"

" 'I doan' know 'zactly, hunny; understan' my tenshun was kinder pinto to four or five which was pullin' and haulin' at me, ebery one clamin' de prize. I clar' 'for' goodness, hunny, I made sho' I was a goner. Persen'ly one said, 'O, shoot de blamed nigger and don't have no row about him.' I knowed den dat nuffin but de Taylor family manners would help; so ses I, 'Gemman, I kin serve you all, let me be cook for de 'hole company; it's a bezziness I understan' ef I has been drivin' a team for General Lee de whole of dis cruel wah.' At dis ebery man let go of me. I knowed I had de bulge, and went on. Ses I, 'it is cornspicuous dat sawsumstances doan harmonize, but admit me to persent a few irreverent remarks.' 'O, dry up, you ole reskel,' sed a durty face white patch. Jes den a nice lookin' hossifer rode up and ses: 'Ain't you the darkey which staid in our camp last night with Smith Johnston?' 'You dun tuk de words out of my mouf,' said I, 'and ef you kin tell me ennything about him, you'll do us boff a good turn.' Well, soon it all cum rite and dey moved off down de road towards de Yankees, takin' Mr. Starns along."

" 'Didn't you go with them?'"

" 'Who, me? Mo' an' wunst, I had sworn off dat day bein' ketched agin with cavery. Sides, arter runnin' and fiten' and bein' shot at by bof sides, I was naterly played out. I went tother way, and ses I to myself as Dobbin trotted along back, 'dey wont no more spicious hoss people hitch onter dis pussun. For de res' of dis campaign I makes a crowd by myself, and goes in on de Taylor family manners.' Pooty soon I spied a leetle house 'way off from de road; rite away I made fur it cross de fields, fur I wur pizen hungry, and Dobbin, too. Soon as I got in de front yard I mistrusted de place. Dar was a look of white trash all about. 'Arter tyin' Dobbin to an apple tree by de front potch, I knocked at de doah. Nobody cum; knock agin, eberyting quiet as de grave. Jes' as I was on de pint of goin' away, a red-headed boy riz a winder and ses he, 'what you want, niggah?' Ses I, takin' off my hat old style, 'Is de gemman of de house ter hum?' Ses he, 'Whar is de rest of your gang?' Ses I, 'Dey ain't no gang but me,' and wid dat down drapped de winder."

" 'They must have been afraid of you?'"

" 'Dat's jes' which recurred to me, an' I was tryin' to keep from laffin' out loud, when at de corner of de house I seed a site which

'most tuk my bref away. Dar war three ov 'em, a high bony-faced man wid one of dese nasty squirrel rifles, and two snub-nosed bulldogs. Ses de man, 'Watch him boys.' Ses I, 'mister, doan.' 'Shet up,' ses he, 'you all-fired cut-throat, I'll teach you to cum murderin' and burnin'. Don't try your lies on me, but step this way, be quick about it.' Well, hunny, he druv me along at de muzzle ov his gun wid de dogs growlin' and smellin' of my shins till he got me to de cow house. 'Now,' ses he, 'go in there, and I'll leave Tige to keep you company. Mind,' ses he, 'don't you go to monkeyin' with Tige, he jes' loves to kill niggers.' Den he went away and de dorg squatted down at de doah and watched me."

"Why didn't you scare him away?"

"Lud a mussy, I darsnt a-frowed him a piece of pound cake, he was dat anxious to get a taste of me. Arter about a half an hour, de man cum wid a hunk of corn bread and giv' it to de dorg and me. When he seed how hungry I was, he looked kinder pitiful, and I knowed dar wuz a chance to spress myself.

"Ses he, 'that's a likely mule of yourn, whar'd you steal him at?' Ses I, 'He ain't stole, he 'longs to Mr. Blakely,' and when I giv' him my story, and he got to believe dat I driv a team fur General Lee, he tuk me in de kitchen and de chillun cum aroun' and fed me cracklin corn bread and sweet milk, and Tige wagged his tail at me, and you'd thought dat I had bin bawn and rose on de place."

CHIP.

#### SKIRMISH LINE.

A CONFEDERATE NABOB.—General M—— was a good officer. His division of infantry was kept well in hand in camp and on the pitched field. Rail-stealing was a bucking offense, and straggling in the presence of the enemy well nigh a capital one. The consequence was that method and promptness characterized all his subordinates, and, from posting a sentinel to mustering on the battle front, there was celerity and precision. Perhaps the best organized corps under the despot was his household body of detailed servants. There was John, to milk his cow and attend to the headquarters hennery; Solomon, the black cook, to prepare his waffles and omelet for breakfast, and his milk punch at noon. Then there were Bob and Dan, who drove the two headquarter teams, to haul the general's private baggage. But above all these, towered high in authority Jim, the major-domo of the military family.

One moonlit evening, two days before Lee's surrender, General M—— was informed by Jim that some supper could be gotten at a house near by. For three days the wagons had not been up, and the general was anxious about them.

"Jim," said he, as we swept along through the broken country, now and then pausing to pick our way across a gully, "how about the wagons?"

"The wagons, sur, is all rite," said Jim, rather hesitatingly.

"How about the horse team?" said the general.

"Jes' leff it, sur, safe an' soun'," was the reply.

"And the mule team? my English coffee-pot is in that, you know."

"Yes," said Jim, "I know. Pretty rough times for it, too. 'Twas packed in a hurry, and—"

"What!" said the general, suddenly halting, "You don't mean to say that anything has happened to my coffee-pot? Why, I wouldn't take a mint of money for it!"

"O, no," replied Jim, "it's all right; only I'm afeard it's got ramjammed a little."

"Ramjammed? thunder and lightning! Who dared to ramja'n my coffee-pot?" roared the major-general.

"I dunno who's dun it," said Jim tremblingly.

"You'd better know," said the general, as he rode forward. If there was one man rejoiced at Lee's surrender, it was Jim, for, like everything else of value, the coffee-pot disappeared at Appomattox.

THE six months succeeding the collapse of the Confederacy was a gloomy period for the beaten Confederates. Bankrupt in purse, in many cases without a roof to shelter them, or a change of clothing, they revolved many desperate expedients for relief. The worst of all was that, being without hope, they "despaired of the Republic." Upon one occasion, a cluster was seated at a crossroads post-office.

"What a pack of fools," said one, "our forefathers were to have taken the blamed Puritans into partnership."

"For my part," said number two, "I lay it all on Patrick Henry and Tom Jefferson. What did they want to separate from old England for, anyhow?"

"If this is to be a verdict of history," said number three, "I give it as my opinion that Columbus was the head-devil of them all. What moral right had he to discover America, anyhow?"

COLONEL B— could never bear to repeat an order, albeit he was always hard to understand. One day he found himself unexpectedly in command of one brigade, and gave orders how the regiments were to go into camp. Calling Snyder, a courier, to him, said he:

"Tell Major C— to take his regiment around by the woods on the right, and wheel by the left flank—no, I mean by the right—O, certainly, by the left of the woods and go into camp."

Snyder, who was a very particular person, hesitated.

"Why don't you go?" said the colonel, preparing to take a draught from his canteen.

"The fact is," said Snyder, after the colonel had smacked his lips, "I didn't exactly understand you."

"O, it don't make any difference," said the colonel gruffly, "let 'em camp where they blamed please."



## Editorial.

A GREAT deal of matter is crowded, in this issue, for want of space.

In the next and following numbers a Children's Department, under the conduct of Mrs. F. A. Beers, of New Orleans, will form an attractive feature of the contents of the BIVOUC. Her office is No. 103 Canal street, where she will be glad to see all ex-Confederates visiting that city.

In spite of the apparent gap between the distinguished leaders on both sides of the late unpleasantness, we are quite sure that there is none between the rank and file of both armies. If the wrangle for office and power breed hot words, credit them to the proper cause, not to any supposed inducement of hostility between the masses. The old soldiers have buried the hatchet, and what is more, they will bury those who try to dig it up.

THE Davis-Sherman controversy has raised its hydra head on the Senate chamber. More's the pity. It was taken there by designing men, and cunningly was laid the trap to catch the unwary ex-Confederate. It was smuggled in under the pretense of promoting the ends of history, the real purpose being the revival of war feeling.

If, as a patriotic theme, the negro question has lost its magic power, the "treason" of Mr. Davis seems still a potent one with which to strain the bonds of fraternity. This was to be expected. The head and front of secession naturally figured in Northern Republican war literature as the type and demon of "rebellion." As such his name was syllabled in the war songs and injected into the juvenile histories. Doubtless with a few his "great crime" forms a part of their religious creed. Now the astute leaders of a beaten party know this, and they demand that, as a last humiliating pledge of loyalty, the Southern leaders shall become accomplices in covering his name with infamy.

If they were base enough to do it, they would be scorned by the manhood of both sections. Whatever his former foemen may think of him, they would despise a people who would deliver up their chief as a scape-goat for themselves. They are bound in the end to base their estimate of his character upon the opinion of those who know him best. Was ever there a leader more loyal to his cause? When the ship

of State went down he was the last one to leave it, and his body still bears the marks of cruel treatment.

The truth is the truth, and no burst of patriotic fury by John Sherman can make it down at his bidding. The muse of history will weigh the character of Mr. Davis and that of General Sherman in the same balance, and when his vainglorious official reports of the number of gin-houses burnt and the quantity of food taken from starving families in his march to the sea are thrown in, Tecumseh's side will surely kick the beam.

#### OUR EXCHANGES.

ONE of the BIVOUAC's most agreeable visitors is the Hopkinsville (Ky.) *New Era*. It is a first-class family paper, and full of local and general news. If it is any index of the character of its local surroundings we should think that Hopkinsville possessed a people refined and enterprising.

As a live and aggressive Democratic paper, the daily *World* of Nashville, Tennessee, stands on the fore front. Consistent, bold, and brilliant, it strikes with forceful blows at whatever it deems to be wrong. If we can not agree with it in all things, we never fail to admire the plainness of its speech and the dashing skill with which it assaults a foe.

For a staunch and constant friend, commend us to the *Bourbon News*, Paris, Kentucky. It is bright, solid, and refreshing; full of newsy items about the Bluegrass eden; it does not disdain whatever may instruct or amuse the general reader. It shoots strait at an enemy, and spares not even its friends when they go wrong.

The *Star*, published at Warrensburg, Johnson county, Missouri, is full of interesting reading. Any one wishing information as to what is going on in Western Missouri and Northern Texas or Arkansas, can get the particulars in the *Star*.

THE prosperity of Georgia is reflected in her county papers, and her industrial success, in a great measure, is explained by them. The *Bainesville Gazette* is a fair type of Georgia's enterprising country press. It glows with lively items, and a variety of reading matter, amusing as well as instructive, gives full returns for ten times its subscription price.

AMONG our Northern exchanges none of the military journals are so replete with war articles of historical value as the *Veterans' Advocate*, published at Concord, New Hampshire. The selections are admirable, and the original articles well written and liberal in tone.

## SOLDIERS' RECORD.

To keep the truth for those who come after us, to gratify the living, and to rescue from forgetfulness the names of honored dead, it is our purpose to gather records like those published below. Their historical value is obvious. The history of a single soldier gives, in some measure, that of his company and regiment. By this means, also, long separated comrades are enabled to find each other, and, perchance, to furnish mutual aid. It is urged that our subscribers do not fail to send on their records. They will be published in the order of arrival, and those left over will appear for this year in an appendix to Volume III:

A. D. JACKSON was born at Spartanburg, South Carolina, October 13, 1838; enlisted as private in Fifth South Carolina regiment; surrendered as private April 9, 1865; was with his command in the following battles: First and Second Manassas, seven days' battle around Richmond, Sharpsburg (Md.), Wills Valley (Tenn.), siege of Knoxville under Longstreet; transferred to Hampton's legion in 1864, and operated as scout for Gary's cavalry in department of Richmond; was never wounded or captured, but was in the hospital at Richmond three days, and the one at Emory and Henry College three months from pneumonia; now resides at Wolfe City, Hunt county, Texas; is a carpenter, Notary Public, and assistant postmaster.

WILLIAM WOOD was born in Breckinridge county, Kentucky, December 1, 1838; enlisted May, 1861, as private in Company "H," Fifth Texas; was with his command in the following battles: Eltham's Landing (Va.), April 7, 1862, Seven Pines, seven days' fight around Richmond, Thoroughfare Gap (Va.), second Manassas, South Mountain (Md.), Sharpsburg (Md.), September 16th and 17th, and was wounded on the 17th; at Suffolk (Va.), Gettysburg, and badly wounded there, at Chickamauga, but was not in the fight on account of wound, in Tennessee with Longstreet, at Spottsylvania Court-house and Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Fort Harrison, Petersburg Landing April 2, 1865, on Lee's retreat at battles of Farmville and High Bridge (Va.), surrendered at Appomattox; thence went to Texas, walking most of the way. He is now engaged in the manufacture of saddlery at Glasgow, Kentucky.

DR. F. S. McMAHON was born at Courtland, Alabama, July 10, 1836; enlisted as private in Company "I," Sixteenth Alabama regiment, August 1, 1861; surrendered with rank of surgeon, May 25, 1865; was with his command in the following battles: Fishing creek (Ky.), Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga (Ga.), Missionary Ridge, Ringgold (Ga.), in the Georgia campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, Jonesboro (Ga.), Spring Hill, Franklin, and Nashville; promoted to rank of assistant surgeon September 15, 1861, and to rank of surgeon of Sixteenth Alabama regiment August 22, 1862; made senior surgeon of Woods' brigade July 4, 1863, and so served until surrender of General Johnston at Greensboro (N. C.); is now a physician at Courtland, Lawrence county, Alabama.

JOHN K. RENAND was born May 26, 1843, and enlisted April 11, 1861, in Deux battalion. In May, 1862, he joined Fenner's battery, and was in all the

battles from *first to last* in which the battalion or battery participated. He enlisted as a private, and as such was paroled May 10, 1865. He was never wounded or captured; is now a merchant, residing at New Orleans.

JOHN GRAY was born in 1842, in Frederick county, Virginia; enlisted in Company "H," Eighth Virginia, at the beginning of the war; was with his command in nearly all the great battles fought by the army of Northern Virginia, and several others; was slightly wounded at the battle of Drury's Bluff. He was rarely sick, and seldom absent from his command. General Hunton, his colonel, said of him, that he was always at his post of duty. From the ranks he rose through all the grades to the captaincy of his company. He died at Leesburg, September 12, 1884.

LIEUTENANT W. S. SAWRIE was born July 17, 1843, in Madison county, Alabama; enlisted with rank of adjutant in the Second Arkansas regiment, and surrendered as adjutant in April, 1865; was with his command in the following battles: Perryville, Murfreesboro, Liberty Gap, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold Gap, New Hope Church, Marietta, Jonesboro, and all through the Georgia campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, also Spring Hill, Franklin, and Nashville; was captured July 22, 1864, at Marietta, but recaptured the same day; is now a merchandise broker at Nashville, Tennessee.

ROBERT E. PARK was born at La Grange, Georgia, January 13, 1844; enlisted as captain of Twelfth Alabama regiment, June 12, 1861; was with his command in the following battles: Williamsburg, Seven Pines, seven days around Richmond, Boonsboro, Fredericksburg, Mine Run, Kelly's ford, Spottsylvania Court-house, Warrenton Springs, Gettysburg, Monocacy, Snicker's Gap, Kernstown, and Winchester; wounded and captured at Winchester (Va.), September 19, 1864. Was left in the hospital six weeks, then transferred to West's buildings hospital, Baltimore, thence to Point Lookout, thence to Old Capitol prison, and to Fort Delaware; surrendered June 14, 1865. Is now a planter at Macon, Georgia.

W. A. CAROTHERS was born at Oxford, Mississippi; enlisted as private May 22, 1851, in company "G," Eleventh Mississippi regiment; discharged, on account of wound, October 27, 1864; was with his command in the following battles: Seven Pines, Gaines' Mill, Bristow Station (Va.), Wilderness May 5th and 6th, 1864, Talleys Mills (Va.), Spottsylvania Court-house, Haws' Shop, Petersburg and Weldon railroad, October 27; Wounded at Gaines' Mill and at Weldon; was in hospital at Richmond (Va.) twice. The last wound, at Weldon, was by a minnie ball, which lodged in the body and is there yet; is now a merchant at Sulphur Springs, Texas.

JAS. P. HAGGARD was born in Clark county, Kentucky, January 4, 1843; enlisted as private in company "A," Seventh Kentucky cavalry; was with his command in the battles of Heartsville (Tenn.), Elizabethtown (Ky.), Rolling Fork trestle, and the next day at Rolling Fork creek (where Duke was wounded), Greasy creek, Green river bridge (Ky.), and Buffington island (Ohio); was captured at Buffington island and confined at Camp Douglas; surrendered as private under Colonel Dick Morgan, July 19, 1863; is now a farmer at Chestnut Grove, Shelby county, Kentucky.

STEVENS I. TAYLOR was born at Jefferson county, West Virginia, July 6, 1847; enlisted in Confederate army as private in Rockbridge battery; was with his command in the fights below Richmond, and the retreat. Is now general manager Hawk's Western Coal Company, Ansted, Fayette county, West Virginia.

T. R. ROACH was born at Vicksburg, Mississippi, September 7, 1845; enlisted as private in Louisiana Heavy artillery May 16, 1863; was with his command in the siege of Vicksburg, and of Spanish Fort, one of the defenses of Mobile (Ala.); was captured and paroled at Vicksburg. He surrendered as a private, and is now a banker at New Orleans.

JOSEPH H. DUGGAN was born at Norfolk, Virginia, June 24, 1834; enlisted as private in Fifth Company Washington artillery, March 6, 1862; was with his command at the battles of Shiloh and Farmington; afterwards promoted to captain of Ordnance, on Brigadier-General T. C. Armstrong's staff, Van Dorn's division cavalry, army of Northern Mississippi; afterwards promoted to chief of Ordnance, Lieutenant-General N. B. Forrest's cavalry corps department, Mississippi, and remained as such until the surrender. Is now a merchant at New Orleans.

ALPHEUS BAKER was born at Abbeville Court-house, South Carolina, May 23, 1825; enlisted February 9, 1861, as private in Colonel H. D. Clayton's regiment; surrendered with General J. E. Johnston, in North Carolina, as brigadier-general, April, 1865; was with his command in the bombardment of Pensacola (Fla.) bombardment of Island Number Ten, battle of Baker's creek, two battles of Resaca, battle of New Hope Church (Ga.), battle of the Poor House, Atlanta (Ga.), July 28, 1864, battle of Burtonville (N. C.); was wounded severely at Baker's creek; captured at Island Number Ten, April 8, 1862, by Pope's army: prisoner at Camp Chase, and Johnson's island. Is now a lawyer at Louisville, Kentucky.

D. HOWARD SMITH was born in Scott county, Kentucky, November 24, 1821; enlisted September 2, 1862 as colonel of Fifth Kentucky cavalry; surrendered at Columbus, Mississippi, April, 1865; was with his command in the battles of Milton (Tenn.), Snow's Hill (Tenn.), Greasy Creek (Ky.), Green river bridge (Ky.), Lebanon (Ky.), Buffington island (Ohio), Cloyd farm (Va.); with General Crook's troops, Saltville (Va.), when General Burbidge was defeated, Greenville (Tenn.), when General Morgan was killed, besides numerous smaller fights. He was never seriously wounded, or in a hospital; surrendered at Buffington island (Ohio), with his command, July 19, 1863; confined in Ohio penitentiary, Camp Chase, and Johnson's island; exchanged March 5, 1864.



# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

The SOUTHERN BIVOUAC has entered upon the third year of its existence, and its success seems assured.

Its circulation has been increased more than five-fold within a year, but this has been accomplished by untiring labor and at some loss.

Its publication was commenced by an association of ex-Confederates for the sole purpose of preserving for history the stories and incidents of the war that never appear in army reports. It was the first to lead off in this venture, and has been quickly followed, not only by the newspapers North and South, but the leading magazines of the country are making it an especial feature in their issues.

The SOUTHERN BIVOUAC is the only Confederate soldiers' magazine published in the United States.

At the outset, the price of subscription was fixed so as just to cover the cost of publication and postage. Other expenses were not considered, such as compensation of agents, advertising, etc. In the meantime, composition and material have advanced, and we, therefore, feel justified in raising the price, hereafter, to \$2.00 per annum.

In return for the small advance, it is our purpose to further approach the standard of excellence all desire. The change in price has been made by the advice, and, indeed, at the urgent request of many of our patrons.

## CLUB RATES.

Two copies . . . . .	\$3 00
Five copies . . . . .	7 00
Ten copies . . . . .	13 00

THE BIVOUAC is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the *Publishers* for its discontinuance, and payment of all arrearages is made as required by law.

PAYMENTS FOR BIVOUAC, when sent by mail, should be made in postal orders, bank checks, or drafts. When none of these can be had, send the money in a registered letter.

DISCONTINUANCES. — Remember that the *Publishers* must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrearages must be paid.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES, you will be notified; and if you wish the BIVOUAC stopped, you must inform us by mail.

ALWAYS GIVE THE NAME of the post-office to which your magazine is sent; otherwise, your name can not be found on our books.

THE COURTS have decided that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until arrearages are paid, and their papers ordered to be discontinued.

All communications and money must be addressed to SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, Louisville, Ky.

WILLIAM N. McDONALD, Editor,  
Private Stonewall Brigade.

E. H. McDONALD, Business Manager,  
Major Eleventh Va. Cavalry.

**W. N. HALDEMAN, President of the great Louisville Courier-Journal Co., tells what he knows of**

## **WINTERSMITH'S CHILL CURE.**

*Dr. Wintersmith,*

*Sir:* I waive a rule I have observed for many years, the value of your remedy prompting me to say, in reply to your request, what I know of your Chill Cure. The private assurances of its efficacy I had, and the good results of its effects I had observed on Mr. R. W. Meredith, who, for more than fifteen years, has been foreman of my office, induced me to test it in my family. The results have been entirely satisfactory. The first case was of two years' standing, in which I believe every known remedy had been tried with temporary relief—the chills returning periodically and becoming with increased severity. Your cure broke them at once, and there has been no recurrence of them for more than six months. The other case was of a milder form, and yielded more readily to other remedies; but the chills would return at intervals, until your medicine was used, since which time, now several months, they have entirely disappeared. From the opportunity I have had to judge, I do not hesitate to express my belief that your Chill Cure is a valuable specific, and performs all you promise for it.

Very respectfully,

W. N. HALDEMAN.

**ADVERTISERS**  
Can learn the exact cost of  
any proposed line of Ad-  
vertising in American  
Papers by addressing  
Geo. P. Rowell & Co's  
Newspaper Adv'g Bu-  
reau, 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

## **WAR PICTURES WANTED.**

Collections of Photographs,  
Engravings or Lithographs  
of Scenes of the War. Por-  
traits of Confederate Offi-  
cers and Soldiers.

Address with terms,

**ARNOLD A. RAND,**

53 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Owners and Proprietors of

**Renton Mines,**  
Hamilton Station, Ky.

**Green River Mines,**  
Du Pont, Ky.

**Richmond Mines,**  
Du Pont, Ky.

**Stroud City Mines,**  
Central City, Ky.

**Guylena Mines,**  
Central City, Ky.

**Muhlenberg Mines,**  
Mercer Station, Ky.

## **Central Coal and Iron Co.** MINERS AND DEALERS IN **KENTUCKY COAL.**

**Main Office: 217 Third St., Louisville, Ky.,**

Where all communications should be addressed.

Mines on Line of Chesapeake, Ohio & South-western R. R. and  
on Owensboro & Nashville (L. & N.) R. R.







# EMILY TRIPP,

Successor to LOUIS TRIPP,

DEALER IN

Pianos AND Organs AND ALL KINDS OF Musical Goods

PUBLISHER OF MUSIC AND MUSIC BOOKS.

OUR SPECIALTIES



## ORCHESTRONE



CLARIONA.



## CHASE PIANOS,

CARPENTER, WOODS, and STANDARD

## ORGANS

Musical Cabinets, Combination Organs,

## ORGUINETTES,

Tournaphones,

Aurephones,

Orchestrones,

Clarionas,

Musical Caskets,

Automatic Organist

Celesteons,

Dulciphones,

And all Reliable Automatic Instruments,  
that anybody can play, with  
either crank or pedal.

## EMILY TRIPP,

Wholesale and Retail General Agent,

No. 519 Fourth Avenue

→\*LOUISVILLE, KY.\*←

Catalogues Free.

# CONTENTS OF FEBRUARY NUMBER.

1. Hood's Tennessee Campaign. <i>By D. W. Sanders, Major and A. A. G. French's Division Stewart's Corp.</i>	241
2. From Infantry to Cavalry. <i>By Fred Joyce.</i>	252
3. Color-bearer Fourth Kentucky Infantry. <i>By H. H.</i>	255
4. A Confederate Deserter. <i>By General C. A. Battle</i>	256
5. It'll Neber Com' no Mo'. <i>By Mrs. F. G. de Fontaine.</i>	259
6. An Amusing Incident. <i>By F. A. D.</i>	260
7. Price's Commissary Department. <i>By Colonel John S. Melon.</i>	261
8. A Midnight Raid and a Leap in the Dark. <i>By Mrs. Dr. C. B.</i>	263
9. A Private Soldier's View of the "Bloody Chasm." <i>By C. B. Louer.</i>	266
10. The Washington Artillery	267
11. Our Surgeon. <i>A Quartermaster-Seegeant's Recollections.</i>	271
12. "Alleghany" Johnson. <i>By W. P. Carter</i>	272
13. Orphan Brigade Items. <i>By Fred Joyce</i>	273
YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT:	
14. The Bold Guerrilla Boy. <i>By Prof. J. S. Blackburn</i>	274
15. Uncle George. <i>By Chip</i>	277
16. Skirmish Line	280
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT:	
1. Editorial	282
2. Our Exchanges	283
3. Soldiers' Record	284

## D. H. HOLMES,

155 Canal Street,

\* \* \* 15 Bourbon, and 16 Dauphine Streets, \* \* \*

NEW ORLEANS.

DIRECT IMPORTATION OF

## DRY GOODS,

Silks, Laces, Embroideries,

Ladies' Underwear, Corsets,

HANDKERCHIEFS, LINENS, HOSIERY,

**HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS,**

Dress Goods of all Descriptions.

Millinery and Dress-making by the Best Artists of Paris.

